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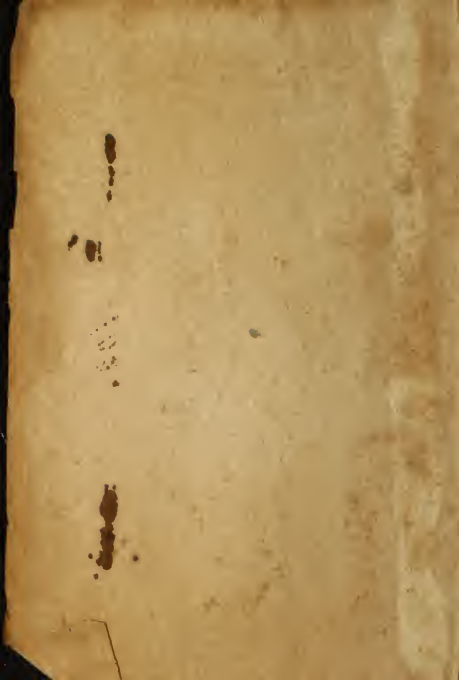
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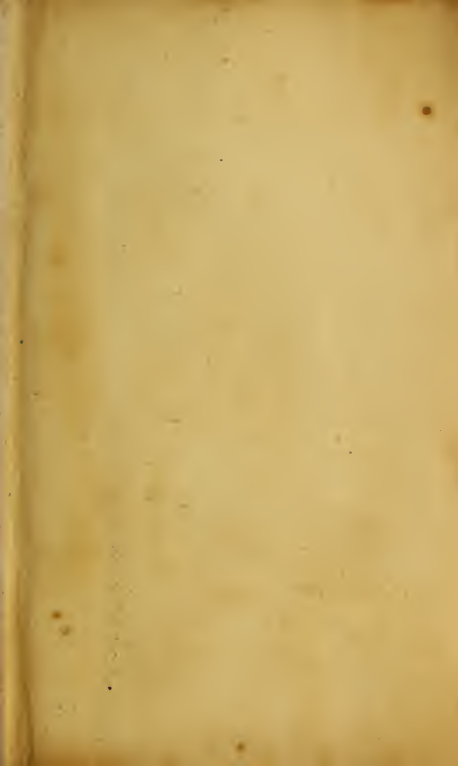
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"Songs were made for the pure & free."

BRINCETON

THE

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MINSTRELE
ZOOLOGICAL SEMINARY

A

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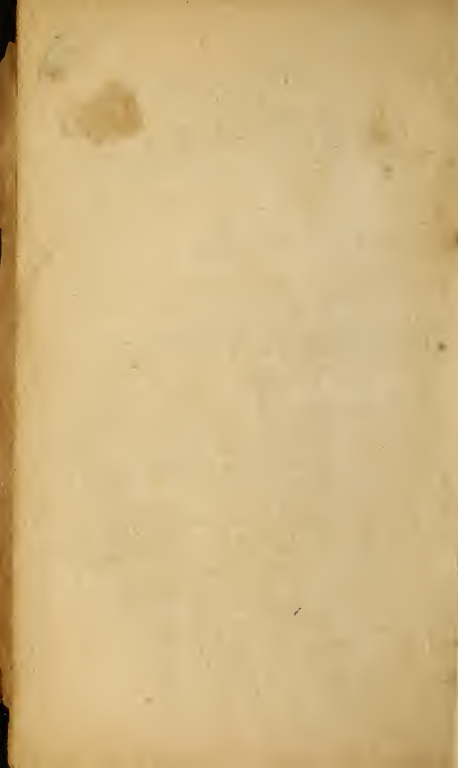
POPULAR SONGS.



PHILADELPHIA:

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1826.



THE
MINSTREL.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him :
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
" Land of song !" said the warrior bard,
" Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."
The minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THE ROSE BUD.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty bestowing,
 On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,
 And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glow-
 O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more. [ing,

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loved
 to cherish,
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
 And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall pe-
 rish,
 Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

T. Moore.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

IN my cottage near a wood,
 Love and Rosa now are mine;
 Rosa ever fair and good,
 Charm me with those smiles of thine.
 Rosa, partner of my life,
 Thee alone my heart shall prize;
 Thou, the tender friend and wife—
 Ah! too swift life's current flies!

Linger yet, ye moments stay :
 Why so rapid is your wing ?
 Whither would ye haste away ?
 Stay, and hear my Rosa sing.
 Love and you still bless my cot,
 Fortune's frowns are for our good ;
 May we live, by pride forgot,
 In our cottage near a wood. *Moreland.*

HE WAS FAMED.

HE was famed for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of envied charms ;
 Now to him her love imparts,
 One pure flame pervades both hearts :
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield ;
 Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

Battle now with fury glows !
 Hostile blood in torrents flows !
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She press'd the hero to her heart.
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms !
 And now the clash of war's alarms !

Sweet maid ! he cries again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns ;
 Death the soldier now enthalls !
 With his wounds the hero falls !
 She, disdain'g war's alarms,
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms !

O death ! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me !
 For, hark ! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

HAIL LIBERTY.

Hail Liberty, supreme delight,
 Thou idol of the mind !
 O'er ev'ry clime extend thy light,
 To regions unconfin'd,

MINSTREL.

The virtuous and the just and brave,
 Exist along with thee !
 Nature ne'er meant to form a slave,
 Her birth-right's Liberty.

Then let the world in one great band
 Of glorious unity,
 Drive despotism from the land,
 Or die for Liberty !

The virtuous, &c.

Though all the tyrants in the world
 Do dare to crush thy fame !
 Her sacred banners still unfurl'd,
 Eternal be thy name.

The virtuous, &c.

Columbia how blest art thou,
 Secure from tyrant sway,
 Thy laws assert thy rights avow,
 Drive despots far away.

The virtuous, &c.

 HARRY BLUFF.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
 And his dear native land o'er the ocean to roam;
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 He was true Yankee oak, boys the older he grew,
 Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
 When the signal was given he was the first man aloft,
 And the veteran's all cried, he'd one day lead the van,
 In the heart of a boy was the soul of a man—
 And he lived like a true Yankee Sailor.—

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
 Still in peace or in war Harry Bluff was the same;
 So true to his love and in battle so brave,
 That the myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave;
 For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
 And the foe thought he'd struck, but he cried out avast!
 For Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
 And he died like a true Yankee Sailor.

DEAR MARY TO THEE.

Tho' the Muses ne'er smile by the light of the sun,
 Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done,
 And whilst on my pillow of straw I recline;
 A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine;
 But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets for me,
 Since my heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.

Dear Mary to thee, &c.

I often reflect on my indigent state,
 But reflection and reason are ever too late;
 They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
 And fill my sad bosom with doubt and despair;
 Then hope kindly smiling awerts their decree,
 For my heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.

Dear Mary to thee, &c.

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaims the light
 dance,
 With what transport I see my dear Mary advance;

Then such grace she displays, while she trips 'mid the throng,
 That each shepherd with rapture to her tunes his song;
 But by none she's beloved with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted dear Mary to thee.
 Dear Mary to thee, &c.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie, the same.
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting -
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee:
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
 Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But ah! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

THE ECHO.

Tell me, babbling echo, why
 You return me sigh for sigh;

Whilst I of slighted love complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder, night and day,
Busy tell-tale haste away ;
Me and my cares in silence leave—
Come not near me while I grieve.

But should my swain with all his charms
Return to clasp me in his arms,
I'd call thee from thy dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, repeat, repeat the strain,
Sing it o'er and o'er again ;
From morn till eve prolong the tale,
Let it ring from vale to vale.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasure and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home ;
A charm from the skies, seem to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's Home, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home.

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly, thatched Cottage again ;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's no place like Home,
There's no place like Home.

HUNTER'S HORN.

Swift from the covert the merry pack fled,
 When bounding, they sprang o'er valley and mead,
 Wide spreading his antlers, erected his head,

The stag, his enemies scorning.

Oh, had you but seen them through torrent and brake,
 Each sportsman, right gallant, his rivals race take,
 'Twould have pleas'd beauty's ear to have heard echo
 wake

To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Clear'd was the forrest the mountain pass'd o'er,
 While swiftly their riders the willing steeds bore,
 The river roll'd deep, where the stag spurn'd the shore,

Yet own'd no timorous warning.

So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung
 Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
 While the dogs of the chase the rude melody rung,
 To the hunter's horn in the morning.

 GO, MY LOVE.

A Rondo, sung by Miss Kelly.

Go, my love ! nor believe that your Claribel's heart,
 For a moment will ask you to stay ;
 When the stern voice of honour commands us to part ;
 When by duty you're summon'd away.

Yet that fond anxious feelings my bosom assail,
 The throbs of that bosom declare ;

Tho' no fears for your honour or courage prevail,

Yet fears for your safety are there.

Bishop.

Go, my love ! though my heart may beat quick,
 When I hear of the dangers and heat of the fight ;
 Yet believe me, each pulse that now flutters with fear,
 Soon will change to the throb of delight.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer,
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer,
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend, &c.

Though fortune ever shun my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend &c

OH ! REMEMBER THE TIME.

Oh ! remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blisfully flew ;

When you call'd me the flow'r of Castilian maids,
 And I b'ush'd to be call'd so by you,
 When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
 And to dance to the light Castanet,
 Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green Isle,
 Ev'ry hour a new passion can feel ;
 And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove,
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
 That is fondest and truest in love ! *T. Moore.*

THE DRUM.

Come each gallant lad,
 Who for pleasure quits care,
 To the drum, drum, drum, to, &c.
 To the drum head with spirit repair.
 Each recruiter takes his glass,
 And each young soldier with his lass,
 While the drum beats tatta, while, &c.
 Retires the sweet night to pass.

Each night gaily lad—
 Thus we'll merrily waste,
 'Till the drum, drum, drum, &c.
 'Till the drum tells us 'tis past.
 Picket arms at dawn now shine,
 And each drum ruffles down the line ;

Now the drum beats revelle, now, &c.
Saluting the day divine.

But hark ! yonder shouts—
See the standard now alarms,
Now the drum, drum, drum, &c.
Now the drum beats loudly to arms.
Kill'd and wounded how they lie !
Helter, skelter, see them fly,
Now the drum beats retreat, now, &c.
We'll fire a feu-de-joy.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Dear Harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly my own island Harp ! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song !
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
'Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over ;
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own !

T. Moore.

ROBERT BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wha Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front of battle low'r ;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Edward, chains, and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?

Traitor ! Coward ! turn and flee.
 Wha, for Scotland's king and la',
 Freedom's sword we'll strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonians on wi' me.

By oppressions, woes, and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty's in every blow ;

Forward ! let us do or dec. *Burns.*

 LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say, oh, never, nay,
 Can words love's grace impart ?

The fancy weak, the tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart.

In one soft look what language lies !

Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Oh ! love has eyes, love has eyes, &c.

Love's wing'd, they cry—oh, never, I

No pinions have to soar ;

Deceivers rove, but never love,

Attach'd, he roves no more.

Can he have wings who never flies,

Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Oh ! love has eyes, love has eyes, &c.

SAILOR BOY.

The sea was calm, the sky serene,

And gently blew the eastern gale ;

When Anna, seated on a rock,

Watch'd the Lavonia's lessening sail :

To heaven she thus her prayer address'd—

“ Thou who canst save, or canst destroy ;

From each surrounding danger guard

My much loved little sailor boy.

When tempests o'er the ocean howl,

And even sailors shrink with dread,

Be some protecting angel near,

To hover round my William's head :

He was beloved by all the plain,

His father's pride, his mother's joy,

Then safely to their arms restore

Their much loved little sailor boy.

May no rude foe his course impede—
 Conduct him safely o'er the waves—
 O, may he never be compelled
 To fight for power, or mix with slaves :
 May smiling peace his steps attend,
 Each rising hour be crown'd with joy,
 As blest as that when I again
 Shall meet my much loved sailor boy."

MERMAID SONG.

Sung by Miss Kelly.

Follow, follow thro' the sea,
 To the mermaid's melody :
 Safely, freely shalt thou range,
 Thro' things dreadful, quaint, and strange,
 And thro' liquid walls behold,
 Wonders that may not be told.

Treasures too, for ages lost,
 Gems surpassing human cost ;
 Fearless follow, follow me,
 'Thro' the treasures of the sea.

Bishop.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

Sung by Miss Kelly.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green ;
 Or like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

COME, TAKE THE HARP.

Come, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see !
Oh ! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee !

Sing to me love! though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well be happy yet !

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We us'd to love, long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know !

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh ! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou too wretched ? yes, thou art ;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

T. Moore.

BELIEVE ME.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away ;
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
 And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear,
 Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

T. Moore.

 SAILOR'S LAST WHISTLE.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment, avast !
 Poor Jack's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast,
 He'll never turn out or will more heave the lead ;
 He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead :
 Yet though worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a wreck,
 When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.
 Secure in his cabin, he's moor'd in the grave,
 Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave ;

Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below,
 Where seamen and lubbers must ev'ry one go,
 Yet though, &c.

For sixty long years was his passage through life,
 Attended by tempests, for Jack had a wife ;
 To leeward adversity's current ran strong,
 But the rudder of honesty bore him along,
 Yet though, &c.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on
 board,
 At last he dropp'd down to mortality's road ;
 With eternity's ocean before him in view,
 He cheerfully piped out ' my messmates adieu :
 For though worms gnaw my timbers, my vessel a
 wreck,
 When I hear the last whistle, I'll jump upon deck.'

COBLER AND GOOSE.

A cobbler liv'd in York,
 A merry man was he :
 His wife took needle work,
 A kind old soul was she.
 Easy as an old shoe
 They pass'd their lives together,
 All of a piece, 'tis true,
 Like sole and upper-leather.

Spoken—They were a happy couple, worked hard
 and never grumbled at the times, or at each other,
 that's a rare thing in our days: while she nimbly em-
 ployed her needle, he hammered away at the lapstone,
 and sung

Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, &c.

This cobbler bought a goose,
 And fattened her quite high,
 Somehow the bird got loose
 The day it was to die:
 ‘ Here Pegs,’ bawl’d out the wife,
 ‘ Run after the goose to win her !’
 Goosey she ran for her life,
 And the cobbler ran for his dinner.

Spoken—Away he went, and the boys after him, calling out, ‘ Now cobbler—now goose : two to one on Pegs.’ Egad he almost caught her once, when his foot slipped, and headlong he went into the sty, among a litter of pigs, and only saved his bacon by leaving the tail of his coat in the old sow’s grinders. But Pegs wasn’t to be abashed, he followed her through bush and through brier, bogs and quagmires, over houses, trees, hedges, ditches, fields, cats, dogs, cocks, hens, cows, bulls and pigs.—At last he knocked down the stall of an old woman who sold hot apple dumplings—that made a rare scramble for the boys ; and what could they do but sing

Ran, tan, tan, &c.

By the river he seized her rump,
 But she got loose with a scream,
 And he fell in the water plump,
 While goosey cross’d the stream.
 So finding the chase no use,
 He went home in a shiver,
 Told wify he’d lost the goose,
 But got a fine *duck* in the river.

Spoken.—‘ Oh, wife, wife !’ he cried, ‘ I’ve had my morning’s wet, the goose has gone a gander hunting. I was thrown out, and had fairly a tumbling in ; be-

sides leaving half my jacket in pawn in the piggery ;
 my wild goose chase has turned out a duck, but no
 green pease ; and as I am very wet you may as well
 hand us over a drop of

Ran, tan, tan, &c.

Dibdin.

SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

The moon was beaming silver bright,
 The eye no cloud could view,
 Her lover's step, in silent night,
 Well pleased, the damsel knew ;
 At midnight hour,
 Beneath the tower,
 He murmur'd soft, 'oh ! nothing fearing,
 With your own true Soldier fly,
 And his faithful heart be cheering ;
 List dear ! 'tis I ;
 List ! list ! list ! love, list ! dear, 'tis I ;
 With thine own true Soldier fly.'

Then whisper'd Love, 'Oh ! maiden fair !
 Ere morning sheds its ray,
 Thy lover calls—all peril dare,
 And haste to horse away !
 In time of need,
 Yon gallant steed
 That champs the rein, delay reproving,
 Shall each peril bear thee by,
 With his master's charmer roving ;
 List dear ! 'tis I ; &c.

And now her gallant Soldier's bride,
 She's fled her home afar,
 And chance, or joy, or wo betide,
 She'll brave with him the war!
 And bless the hour,
 When 'neath the tower,
 He whisper'd soft, ' Oh ! nothing fearing,
 With thine own true soldier fly,
 And his faithful heart be cheering :
 List dear ! 'tis I ; &c.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

O, whack ! Cupid's a mannikin ;
 Smack on my heart he hit me a polter.
 Good lack, Judy O'Flannikin !
 Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter.
 Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers ;
 She's an heiress, that's clear,
 For her father sell's beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers.
 She's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her.
 Oh, whack, Judy O'Flannikin !
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
 Oh, whack, &c.

Och, hone ! good news, I need a bit !
 We'd correspond, but larning would choke her,
 Mavrone !—I cannot read a bit ;
 Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.

Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her ;
 She's true as the moon ;—
 Only one afternoon
 I caught her asleep with a humpback shoemaker,
 Oh, she's so smart, &c.

Coleman.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er ;
 'O, whither' she cried, 'hast thou wander'd my love ?
 Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?
 What voice have I heard ? 'Twas my Henry that
 sighed :'
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When, bleeding and low on the heath, she descried,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.
 From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was
 streaming ;
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar ;
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war ;
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight ;
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
 'Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful
 night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ?'
 'Thou shalt live,' she replied, 'heaven's mercy re-
 lieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn ;'

‘ Ah ! no ; the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return.
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar ;’
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hus-
 sar. *Campbell.*

THE ROSE-BUD.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty bestowing,
 On winter’s rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,
 And the sunshine of day in night’s darkness be glow-
 O ! then, dearest Ellen, I’ll love you no more. [ing,
 When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loved to
 cherish,
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendor be o’er,
 And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall pe-
 rish,
 Oh ! then, dearest Ellen, I’ll love you no more.
T. Moore.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON.

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night’s cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round :
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way—
 Who goes there ? stranger, quickly tell ;
 A friend—a friend—good night—all’s well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck :
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well known voice salutes his ear—
 What cheer ! oh ! brother, quickly tell,
 Above !—below !—good night !—all's well.

T. Dibdin.

DAME DURDEN.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail ;
 She also kept five labouring men,
 To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy
 Draggletail ;
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphry
 with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly!
 And Dick kiss'd Betty!
 And Joe kiss'd Dolly!
 And Jack kiss'd Katy!
 And Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Humphrey with his flail;

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking
 pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call ;

To rouse her servants, maids and men,
She then began to bawl.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate ;
Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

THE SAVOYARD BOY.

I come from a land far away,
My parents to keep me, too poor ;
To please you I sing and I play,
Yet a living can scarcely procure.
About, sad and hungry I go,
Though smiling as if 'twere with joy ;
Then a trifle in pity bestow,
To relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

When around me the children I see
So careless and happy appear,
I sigh while they listen to me,
And oft as I play drop a tear.
I cannot help thinking that they,
Can fly to their parents with joy :
While mine they are far, far away—
Then relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

C. Dibden. jun.

LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

'Twas a keen frosty morn, and the snow heavy falling,
 When a child of misfortune was thus sadly calling,
 Sweep! sweep! I am cold, and the snow's very deep,
 I pray take compassion on poor little sweep;
 Sweep! Sweep!

The [tears down his cheeks in large drops were fast
 rolling,

Unnoticed, unpitied by those by him strolling,
 Who frequently warned him at distance to keep,
 While he cried ' Take compassion on poor little sweep.

In vain he implored passing strangers for pity;
 They smiled at his 'plaints, and that banter'd his ditty;
 Humanity's offspring as yet lay asleep,
 Nor heard the sad wailing of poor little sweep.

At the step of a door, half froze and dejected,
 He sat down and grieved, to be shun'd and neglected;
 When a kind-hearted damsel by chance saw him weep,
 And resolved to befriend him, the poor little sweep.

Unmindful of sneers, to a neighbour's she led him,
 Warm'd his limbs by the fire, and tenderly fed him;
 And oh! what delight did this fair maiden reap,
 When she found a lost brother in poor little sweep!

In rapture she gazed on each black sooty feature,
 And hugg'd to her bosom the foul-smelling creature,
 Who, saved by a sister, no longer need creep
 Thro' lanes, courts and alleys, a poor little sweep.

SIEGE OF PLATTSBURGH.

Back side Albany stan' Lake Champlain,
 One little pond, half full a water,
 Plat-te-bug dare too, close 'pon de main,
 Town small—he grow bigger do herea'ter.
 On Lake Champlain
 Uncle Sam set he boat,
 And Massa M'Donough he sail 'em ;
 While Gen'ral M'Comb
 Make Plat-te-bug he home,
 Wid de army, who courage nebber fail 'em.
 On 'lebenth day of September,
 In eighteen hund'ed an fourteen,
 Gubbener Probose, and he British soger,
 Come to Plat-te-bug a tea party courtin ;
 And he boat come too
 Arter Uncle Sam boat,
 Massa 'Donough do look sharp out de winder—
 Den Gen'ral M'Comb,
 (Ah ! he al' ways a home,)
 Catch fire too, jis like a tinder.
 Bang ! bang ! bang ! den de cannon gin t' roar
 In Plat-te-bug, and all 'bout dat quarter ;
 Gubbener Probose try he hand 'pon de shore.
 While he boat take he luck 'pon de water—
 But Massa M'Donough
 Knock he boat in he head,
 Break he hart, broke he shin, 'tove he caffin in,
 And Gen'ral M'Comb
 Start old Probose home—
 Tot me soul den, I mus die a laffin.

'robosc scare so, he lef all behine,
 Powder, ball, cannon, tea-pot an kittle—
 Some say he cotch a cole—trouble in he mine ;
 Cause he eat so much raw and cole vittle—
 Uncle Sam berry sorry,
 To be sure, for he pain ;
 'Vish he nuss himself up well an harty—
 For Gen'ral M'Comb
 An Massa 'Donough home,
 'Then he notion for a nudder tea party.

 WILL WATCH.

As one morn, when the wind from the northward
 blew keenly,
 While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
 A smugger, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then
 serenely
 Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
 He had promised his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,
 Would coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore ;
 When his pockets were lined, why his life should be
 mended ;
 The laws he had broken he'd never break more.
 The sea boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
 When Will stood for home, reach'd the offing & cried,
 "Night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading ;
 The dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
 I'll lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
 To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand ;

But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land,

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed
on't,

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun;

Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
need on't—

We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys,
we'll run.

Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appear-
ing,

Oh! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear
down;

Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheer-
ing,

One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or
drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left be
hind me.

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed:

Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute

Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more;

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained
in it,

'Then sheer'd—and Will's hull to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
 with,
 To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
 He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
 with,
 He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each
 friend.
 Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
 bellow,
 Yon ash struck with lightning, points out the cold
 bed
 Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
 lawless fellow,
 Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the
 dead.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee;
 I winna ha' the Dominie, for gude he canna be;
 But I will ha' my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee.
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.
 I will not ha' the minister, for a' his godly looks,
 or yet will I the lawyer ha' for a' his wily crooks:
 I will not ha' the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller;
 But I will ha' my Sandy lad, without one penny
 siller.
 For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not ha' the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
 I will not ha' the sailor lad, because he smells of tar:
 I will not have the lord or laird, for a' their mickle gear:
 But I will ha' my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the mier.
 For he's aye a kissing, &c. *Burns.*

I'VE KISS'D AND I'VE PRATTLED.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
 And changed them as oft, do you see?
 But, of all the gay lasses that sport on the green,
 The maid of the mill for me.
 There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
 And call'd me the fairest she;
 But, of all the young men that danced on the green,
 Young Harry's the lad for me.
 Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
 Her cheeks like the blossoms in May;
 Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
 Her breath like the new made hay.
 He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
 His cheeks as red as the rose;
 He looks like a squire of high degree,
 When dressed in his sunday clothes.

Mrs. Brooke.

I'LL LOVE THEE NIGHT AND DAY.

Be mine, dear maid; this faithful heart
 Can never prove untrue;
 'T were easier far from life to part,
 Than cease to live for you.

Then turn thee not away, my love ;
 Oh ! turn thee not away, my love ;
 For, by the light of truth, I swear
 To love thee night and day, love.

The lark shall first forget to sing,
 When morn unfolds the east,
 Ere I by change or coldness wring
 Thy fond confiding breast.
 Then turn thee not away, &c.

Terry.

MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wint'ry looks ;
 Thy mountain's crowned wi' driven snow,
 And icebound are thy brooks :
 But colder far's the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart,
 My native Highlan. † home !
 Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
 We ne'er again will roam :
 And, with thy smile so bonny cheer
 My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove ;
 The cushat-dove within the dell
 Invites to peace and love :

C.

For blithsome is the break of day,
 And sweet's the bonny broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 Around my Highland home.

'Tnen gang wi' me, &c.

Morton.

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
 The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
 Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it:
 The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
 In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, 'till the Light-house fire
 blaz'd
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
 One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hush'd was the billows' commotion,
 And tho't that the Light-house look'd lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion ;
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

T. Moore.

LOVE MY MARY.

2d Voice—Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
 On thy cheek his bed I see.

1st Voice—No, that cheek is pale with care,
 Love can find no roses there ;
 No, no, no, no, no, no,
 No roses there, no, no.

Duett—'Tis not on the cheek of rose,
 Love can find the best repose,
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

2d Voice—Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home.

1st Voice—No, the eye with sorrow dim,
 Ne'er can be a home for him,
 Ne'er can be, no, no, no,
 A home for him, no, no.

Duett—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes
 Love for ever warmest lies ;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see.
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

T. Moore.

ROSA.

Wilt thou say farewell, love, and from Rosa part?
 Rosa's tears will tell love, the anguish of her heart!

I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,

I'll love thee tho' we sever,

Oh! say can I, e'er cease to sigh,

Or cease to love, no never!

Wilt thou think of me, love, when thou art far away,
 Oh! I'll think of thee, love, never, never stray.

I'll still be thine, &c.

Let not others' wile; love, thy ardent heart betray,
 Remember Rosa's smile, love, Rosa far away.

I'll still be thine, &c.

T. Moore.

 I HAVE LOV'D THEE.

I have lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee,
 Through an age of worldly woe,
 How ungrateful I have proved thee,
 Let my mournful exile show.

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
 Hour by hour I counted o'er,
 Looking forward till to-morrow,
 Ev'ry day I lov'd thee more.

Power nor splendor could not charm me,
 I no joy in wealth could see,
 Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
 Save the fear of losing thee:

When the storms of fortune press'd thee,
 I have wept to see thee weep,
 When relentless cares distress'd thee,
 I have lull'd those cares to sleep.

Mrs. Robinson.

FANCY'S SKETCH.

Here mark the poor desolate maid,
 By a parents ambition betray'd,
 Behold on her fast fading cheek,
 The tears that her agony speak :
 And here stands the well belov'd youth,
 Calling heaven to witness his truth ;
 And there stands the murderous wretch,
 But mark me, but mark me !
 'Tis but fancy's sketch.

Behold in his face are express'd,
 The passions that rage in his breast ;
 Here read, while he dares to demand
 Of her parents, this maiden's fair hand ;
 While deep in his dungeon secur'd,
 A still living wife is immur'd ;
 Who cures the murderous wretch,
 But start not ! start not !
 'Tis but fancy's sketch.

Braham.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

Let him who sighs in sadness, here,
 Rejoice, and know a friend is near.

What heavenly sounds are those I hear?
What being comes, the gloom to cheer!

When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thought of danger free.

He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea,
The minute gun at sea,
And hears amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea,

Swift from the shore a hardy few—
The life-boat mann'd with a gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave.
Through the wild surf they cleave their way;
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save,
For they go the crew to save,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save.

But oh! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd;
When landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that befell.

Then is heard no more,
Then is heard no more,
Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

M. P. King.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Burns.

BANKS OF BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !
 Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn ;
 'Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine :
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvèr stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine :
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak' a right guide wille-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

Burns.

ABSENCE.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
 Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array ;
 Days of absence, I am weary,
 Her I love is far away.
 Hours of bliss, too quickly vanish'd,
 When will aught like you return ;
 When the heavy sigh be banish'd ;
 When this bosom cease to mourn.

Not till that lov'd voice can greet me,
 Which so oft has charm'd mine ear ;
 Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
 Telling that I still am dear :
 Days of absence then will vanish,
 Joy will all my pangs repay ;
 Soon my bosom's idol banish
 Gloom, but felt when she's away.

All my love is turned to sadness,
 Absence pays the tender vow,
 Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness,
 Mem'ry turns to anguish now :
 Love may yet return to greet me,
 Hope may take the place of pain ;
 Antoinette with kisses meet me,
 Breathing love and peace again.

THE CARRIER PIDGEON.

Come hither thou beautiful rover,
 Thou wand'rer of earth and of air ;
 Who bearest the sighs of a lover,
 And bringest him news of his fair ;
 Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
 And show me the gloss of thy neck ;
 O perch on my hand dearest minion,
 And turn up thy bright eye and peck.
 Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
 And there is a sip of red wine ;

Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
 'T will be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine :
 I have written on rose scented paper,
 With thy wing quill, a soft billet doux,
 I have melted the wax in love's taper,
 'Tis the colour of true hearts' sky blue.

I have fast'ned it under thy pinion,
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
 So go rom me beautiful minion,
 While the pure ether shows not a speck :
 Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
 Like an arrow he hurries away ;
 And farther and farther retreating,
 He is lost in the clear blue of day. *Percival.*

 CONVENT BELL.

Far, far o'er hill and dell
 On the winds stealing,
 List to the convent bell,
 Mourfully pealing ;
 Hark ! Hark ! it seems to say
 ' As melt these sounds away,
 So life's best joys decay,
 Whilst new their feeling.'
 Far, far, &c.

Now through the charmed air
 Slowly ascending,
 List to the chaunted prayer,
 Solemnly blending ;

Hark ! Hark ! it seems to say,
 ‘ Turn from such joys away
 To those which ne’er decay,
 Though life is ending.’
 Far, far, &c.

J. R. Planche.

BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

Our cot was shelter’d in a wood,
 And near a lake’s green margin stood,
 A mountain bleak behind us frown’d,
 Whose top the snow in summer crown’d.
 But pastures rich and warm to boot,
 Lay smiling at the mountain’s foot ;
 There first we frolick’d hand in hand,
 Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know,
 The meaning of a tale of woe,
 ’Twas then by mother we were told,
 That father in his grave lie cold ;
 That livelihoods were hard to get,
 And we too young to labour yet—
 And tears within her eyes would stand,
 For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother as we grew,
 We work’d as much as boys could do,
 Our daily gains to her we bore,
 But ah ! she’ll ne’er receive them more.
 For long we watch’d beside her bed,
 Then sobb’d to see her lie there dead :
 And now we wander hand in hand,
 Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

Bishop.

OH! 'TIS LOVE.

Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
 That rules us all completely,
 Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
 Commands, and we obey.

What in the palace or the hovel,
 Chace so quickly care away ;
 What is the theme of ev'ry novel,
 What is the plot of ev'ry play :
 Say, what keeps the carriage
 Of many a modern miss,
 And makes even marriage,
 Sometimes a state of bliss :—
 Oh! 'tis love, &c

Love yields the sweetest, dearest pleasure,
 Love doubles every other charm ;
 Love makes the miser yield his treasure,
 Love e'en the Stoics heart can warm :
 In deserts the wildest,
 On mountains or on plains,
 Where climates are mildest,
 Or winter ever reigns.
 Oh! 'tis love, &c. *Planche.*

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
 gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming.

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh ! say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow'ring steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses :

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, new shines on the stream :

'Tis the star spangled banner, oh ! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, shall leave us no more,
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps pol-
lution :

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued
and,

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation :

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

MASTER MASON'S HYMN.

Air—German Hymn.

Ah ! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem ;
For three they were, and one is not—
He lies where Cassia marks the spot.

'Though poor he was, with kings he trod ;
Though great, he humbly knelt to God :
Ah ! when shall those restore again
The broken link of friendship's chain ?

Behold ! where mourning beauty bent,
In silence o'er the monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there
The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands alas ! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or wither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
'Till three shall meet, who form'd like them
The Grand Lodge at Jerusalem !

THE DYING AMERICAN TAR.

His couch was his shroud—in his hammock he died—
 The shot of the Briton was true ;
 He breath'd not a sigh, but faintly he cried,
 Adieu, my brave shipmates, adieu !
 Away to your stations ! it ne'er must be said,
 Your banner you furl'd for a foe ;
 Let those stars ever shine at your mizen-mast head,
 And the pathway to victory show.
 Remember the accents of Lawrence the brave,
 Ere his spirit had fled to its rest ;
 'Don't give up the Ship !' Let her sink 'neath the
 wave,
 And the breeze bear her fate to the west.
 Oh, swear that your banner shall never be furl'd
 Let me hear the words. " Struck has the foe !"
 And contented my soul bids adieu to the world,
 To its pleasures, its pains, and its woe.
 He said—and a gun to the lee-ward was heard,
 'T was the enemy's gun well he knew ;
 He rais'd up his head, and three times he cheer'd,
 And expired as he utter'd—" Adieu."

 BONNY BOAT.

O swiftly glides the bonny boat, just parted from the
 shore,
 And to the fisher's chorus note, soft moves the dipping
 oar :

Each toil is borne with happy cheer, and ever may they
speed ;

That feeble age and help-mate dear, and tender bair-
nies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, our nets are floating
wide,

Our bonny boat with yielding sway, rocks lightly on
the tide:

And happy prove our daily lot upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot, where all our
treasures be.

The Mermaid on her rock may sing, the witch may
weave her charm,

Nor water-sprite, nor eldrick thing, the bonny boat can
harm :

It safely bears its scaly store, thro' many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore, its homeward
prow to hail.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The aged matron casts her eye upon the troubled deep,
The anxious dame looks wistfully, the careless bairn's
sleep ;

The broad red sun hath set in blood, the sea-birds sadly
wail,

The lightning's flash, and driving scud, bespeak the
coming gale.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The storm bursts out, the signal light gleams from the
little cot ;

O'er foaming billows briny bright, fast bounds the bon-
ny boat ;

D

They double Largo's headland wide, and shoot across
the bay,

Till in the cove they safely ride, though gunnel deep
with spray.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The well known shout of safety rings from out the
echoing cove,

The speechless mother wildly springs to him whose
voice is love ;

The tale is told to greedy ears, of peril and alarms,
But soon the dame forgets her fears, within a husband's
arms.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all, I can no more,

Though poor the off'ring be ;

My heart and lute are all the store,

That I can bring to thee.

A lute, whose gentle song reveals

The soul of love full well.

And, better far, a heart that feels

Much more than lute can tell.

I give thee all, I can no more,

Though poor the off'ring be ;

My heart and lute are all the store

That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas !

To keep life's clouds away,

At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 If ever care his discord flings,
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let love but gently touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again.
 I give thee all, &c.

T. Moore.

THE POST OFFICE.

In a Post Office bred,
 What a life sure I led,
 When I handled the thoughts of my betters ;
 O, it was such a scene,
 That our great public inn
 Might be called the republic of letters.
 To Northumberland,
 And Cumberland,
 To Westmoreland,
 And Sunderland,
 To Hartford,
 And Dartford,
 And Bedford,
 And Deptford,
 North, south, east, and west,
 To each corner address'd,
 Such a wonderful concentration.
 I might say without brag,
 I could shake in a bag
 Half the wisdom and wit of the nation.

Spoken.—"Do pray stand away from the windows,
 or I can't see to give out the letters." (*A squeaking*

voice) "Pray, sir, haven't you got never a von for me—my name's Timothy Twist; I'm a tailor, and its from my sweetheart, Miss Dorothy Dumpling." "Yes, here it is, all over grease, and sealed with a thimble." "Here, John, is your master's letters." (*A countryman's voice*) "How much be I to pay?" "Nothing, you fool; don't you see it's *frank'd*?" "Oh, here's M. P. on it; that means *mustn't pay*, I suppose." (*An Irish voice*) "Is there never a letter for me, pray?" "None at all, either to-day or yesterday." "Upon my soul that's very hard: do you think there will be e'er a one to-morrow?" "I really can't say, sir."

So they pour in like hail,
Till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away.

Some folks write for fun,
And others to dun,
Some blaming, and others commending,
Some letters on love,
And others to move
Soft friends their hard cash to be lending;
Relations dying,
Selling, buying,
Losing, thriving,
Ships arriving,
Courting, fighting,
Wronging, wrighting,
Suits at law,
Cash to draw,
Dull and gay, cross and kind,
Such a medley you'd find
Each scroll to appear on inspection,

In writer and theme,
That our office would seem
Noah's ark, by the motley collection.

Spoken—" Bless me, what a number of queer names : Mr. Lion, Mr. Crow, Mr. Wolf, Mr. Talbot, Miss Part-ridge, Mr. Herring, Mr. Woodcock, and Monsieur Grenouille." (*A French voice.*) " Ah ! dat is for me."—" Sixpence, if you please." " Ah, sixpence ! dat is too moosh ! I will not give you more as *tree-pence happenny* ; if you will not let me have him for dat, you may keep him." " Your letter, Mr O'Flannagen, is ninepence, more." " What for ?" " It's a *double letter.*" " A *double letter* ! Will you be after telling me that ? Sure a *double letter* is *two letters*, and this I have in my fist is but *one*. O, stop a bit ; may be there's another in the belly of it. What's this ? half a Bank note ! O, you thieves, I'll have your Post Office taken up for stealing the other half."

So they pour in like hail,
Till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away.

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin ;
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill ;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh !

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me:
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh, where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall?
 Oh where is my mother that watch'd o'er my childhood,
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Oh why did it doat on a fast fading treasure—
 Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 Oh, hard & cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
 In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh!

T. Campbell.

OLD TOWLER.

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn;
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn.
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry;
 Arise, the burden of their song—
 This day a stag must die!
 With a hey, ho, chivey!
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail;
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
 The game is rous'd, too true the song—
 This day a stag must die!
 With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face:
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chase:

Alike the sportsman of the town,
 The virgin game in view,
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.

With a hey, ho, &c.

O'Keefe,

SWEET HARMONY.

Yes, when thou hear'st the gentle breeze,
 That waft's thy love thro' fav'ring seas

To victory ;

Then let thy lute's soft note prevail,
 And murmur with the sighing gale,

Sweet harmony.

But when the wind with stormy roar,
 Shall bid me wish my love on shore,

From tempest free ;

His peril shall my lute bewail,
 And mingle with the fearful gale,

Sad harmony.

But should the blast that wakes my fear,
 On swifter wings my Edward bear

To love and me ;

Oh ! then my lute shall once more prove,
 When murmuring with the sighs of love,

Sweet harmony.

King.

AH ! SAY SWEET BIRD.

Ah ! say sweet bird, how long

In absence thus I'm doom'd to pine :

Ah ! tell me in thy song,

Shall happiness again be mine ?

Thy plaintive notes oft' cause a sigh,
 They oft' awake my soul to pain :
 But sing sweet bird, nor e'er deny
 To chaunt his name in ev'ry strain.

Brookes.

WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Around the fair isle the wild birds sing,
 And plunge in the lake the sparkling wing ;
 Above the fair isle the wild flowers bloom
 To deck the sod of the warrior's tomb.

Cold and damp is the warrior's sleep,
 And o'er the grave the wild flowers weep.

As we pass'd that isle, the wind blew fair,
 No mourner, nor hearse, nor shroud was there,
 But we view'd the sods on the dead that lay,
 And we thought of the crimson battle fray.

Cold and damp is the warrior's grave,
 And heavy the turf that hides the brave.

As the light of their souls grew dim in death,
 No mother watched o'er their waning breath ;
 Like the stars on a summer night they fell,
 And glory proclaim'd their parting knell.

Cold and damp is the warrior's bed,
 But glory is hovering round the dead.

To soothe their slumbers the wild birds sing,
 To honour their sods the fair flowers spring,
 And many a day and many a year
 Shall scatter with wreaths their lonely bier.

Cold and damp is the warrior's grave,
 And heavy the turf that hides the brave.

ECHO SONG.

What airy sounds, hovers sweetly round—
 Some spirit seems to play ;
 How did that note on æther float,
 And steal my soul away.

Still, still, I hear the changeful strain,
 It mocks, it echoes, it echoes me again, &c.
 Is't fairy ground, are spirits round ?
 Still, still, I hear the changeful strain,
 It mocks, it echoes, it echoes me again, &c.

Diamond.

 THROUGH ICY VALLIES:

Through icy vallies on my sledge I glide,
 And down the slippery mountain's side
 I go to see the fair,
 I go to see the fair ;
 Not that I care for the show,
 O ! no, O ! no, it is not so,
 But Irwin will be there,
 But Irwin will be there.

Then fly, then fly, my reindeer,
 Swift as the hunter's dart,
 And safely go thro' the deep snow,
 To meet the youth of Anua's heart.

Some may in splendor and pomp delight,
 I'd spend my time from morn till night
 In looking at my love,
 In looking at my love ;

Hours fly away untold,
 Neither hunger, thirst, nor cold,
 With Irwin do I prove,
 With Irwin do I prove.

Then fly, then fly, &c.

Reynolds.

BEN BACKSTAY.

Ben Backstay was our boatswain, a very merry boy,
 For no one half so merrily could pipe all hands ahoy;
 And when it chanc'd his summons we did'nt well at-
 tend,

No lad than he more merrily could handle a rope's end.

With a chip chow, &c.

While sailing once, our captain, who was a jolly dog,
 One day he gave to every mess a double share of grog;
 Ben Backstay he got tipsey, all to his heart's content,
 And being half-seas over, why overboard he went.

With a chip, chow, &c.

A shark was on the starboard, sharks don't for manners
 stand,

But grapple all they come near, just like your sharks
 on land;

We threw out Ben some tackling, of saving him in
 hopes,

But the shark had bit his head off, so he could not see
 the ropes.

With a chip chow, &c.

Without a head his ghost appear'd, all on the briny lake,
 He piped all hands ahoy, and cried, lads, warning by
 me take;

By drinking grog I lost my life, so lest my fate you
meet,

Why never mix your liquor, lads, but always drink
neat.

With a a chip chow, &c.

FAREWELL BESSY.

Sweetest love, I'll ne'er forget thee;

Time shall only teach my heart

Fonder, warmer to regret thee,

Lovely gentle as thou art!

Farewell Bessy!

We may meet again.

Yes, oh! yes, again we'll meet Love,

And repose our hearts at last;

Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, Love,

Calm to think on sorrows past!

Farewell Bessy!

We may meet again.

Yet I feel my heart is breaking,

When I think I stray from thee,

Round the world that quiet seeking,

Which I fear is not for me!

Farewell Bessy!

We may meet again.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—

Can it, dearest, must it be,

'Thou within an hour wilt lose him,

He forever loses thee!

Farewell Bessy!

Yet oh! not forever.

T. Moore.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WITH ME.

O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! canst thou love so true
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ? *Percy.*

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Air—" *Lough Sheeling.*"

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
 here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame ?
 I knew not, I ask'd not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
 Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
 Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

T. Moore.

PADDY THE PIPER.

When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by ?
 Says Paddy, but few play this music, can you play ?
 Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try :

He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then he squeez'd a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak !
 With a fara lara loo, och ! hone, how he handl'd the
 drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melt-
 ed the heart of a stone.

Four pipes, says I, so sweetly come over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows,
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes,
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose,
 So I followed his bag-pipes so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
 dieu to my family seat
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog ;
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melt-
 ed the heart of a stone.
 With a fara lara, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could 'sunder us,
 'Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge into a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup !
 roar'd out and bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,
 O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up ?
 He was dead as a nail in the door,
 Poor Paddy was laid on a shelf,

So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself,
 With my fara lara, to be sure I have not got the knack
 To play fara lara loo, &c.

HEIGHO! SAYS THIMBLE.

Thimble's scolding wife lay dead,
 Heigho! says Thimble,
 My dearest duck's defunct in bed;
 Death has cabbaged her—oh, she's fled!
 With her roley poley,
 Gammon and spinage,
 Heigho! says Thimble.

Thimble buried his wife that night;
 Heigho! says Thimble,
 I grieve to sew up my heart's delight
 With her diamond ring on her finger tight;
 And her roley poley, &c.

To saw off her finger, and steal the ring,
 Soon came the sexton;
 She sat up on end and she gave him a fling,
 Crying Damme, you dog, you steal no such thing!
 With your roley poley, &c.
 And off ran the sexton.

She stalk'd to her home, and she made a din,
 Heigho! cried Thimble,
 Then popp'd out his head, and said with a grin,
 You are dead, dearest duck, and I can't let you in,
 With your roley poley, &c.
 O heigh! cried Thimble.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Air—"The Dandy O!"

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love—
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake! the heaven's look bright, my dear!
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
 And the best of all ways,
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 Now all the world is sleeping, love!
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake, till the rise of the sun, my dear!
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

T. Moore.

DEEP IN MY BREAST.

Deep in my breast the rosy tyrant dwells,
 Piercing with cruel aim each poison'd dart;
 And if my eye my soul's sad torment tells,
 It speaks the secret anguish of my heart.

Rest silently, flatt'rer ; nor let thy pain my love betray,
 Hope shall hush thee in my breast, and chase each
 anxious sigh away.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

Sung by Miss Kelly.

If I had a beau for a soldier who'd go,
 Do you think I'd say, no?—no, no, not I!
 When his red coat I saw, not a sigh would I draw,
 But I'd give him "eclat" for his bravery!
 If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,
 As a dashing White Sergeant, I'd march away!
 March away! march away! march! march away!

When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take on,
 Sit moping forlorn? no, no, no—not I!
 His fame my concern, how my besom would burn,
 When I saw him return, crown'd with victory!

If an army of Amazons, &c.

TOM BOWLING.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.
 Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;

His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 Poor Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

Dibdin

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet, at close of silent eve,
 The harp's responsive sound !
 How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
 And deeds by virtue crown'd !
 How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
 In some delightful grove !
 But, oh ! more soft, more sweet to me
 The voice of her I love !

Whene'er she joins the village train,
 To hail the new-born day,
 Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
 Which zephyrs waft away.

The frowns of fate I'd calmly bear,
 In humble sphere to move,
 Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
 The voice of her I love.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join the glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn,
 And a hunting we will go,
 A hunting we will go,
 A hunting we will go,
 A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay ;
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
 You cannot hunt to day.
 Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale ;
 But when the hounds too near he spies,
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
 And joins the jovial cry ;
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky.
 When a hunting we will go, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry, homeward we return,
 To feast away the night.
 And a drinking we will go, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn,
 Prepare then for the chase ;
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace.
 When a hunting we will go, &c.

THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near ;
 And I said, " If there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
 'Twas noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
 In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.
 And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep is I
 blam'd,
 How bless'd could I live, and how calm could I die.
 By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline !
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.

T. Moore.

DULCE DOMUM.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by travellers weary,
 And oft it prov'd the bless'd abode
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he'd chase the mountain goat,
 O'er Alps and Glaciers bounding ;
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 Dark horrors all surrounding ;
 But evening come, he sought his home,
 While anxious, lovely woman,
 She hail'd the sight, and every night,
 The cottage rung,
 As they sung,
 Oh ! Dulce, dulce Domum !

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss
 Was changed to prospects dreary ;
 For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's force contending,
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died his land defending.
 The evening comes, he sought not home,
 Whilst she (distracted woman,)
 Grown wild with dread, now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell,
 That bids farewell
 To Dulce, dulce Domum.

Reynolds.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

—Air—“*Oonagh.*”

While gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd
 To look at orbs that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burn'd.
 But too far
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame,
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came!
 Thus Mary dear, be thou mine own,
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 Which bless my home, and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meek,
 Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
 Like hope that lights a mourner's cheek.

 I said, (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er the stream in dimpling bliss,)
 “'The moon looks,
 On many brooks,

 The brook can see no moon but this;”
 And thus I thought our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh! I feel but one,
 One Mary in the world for me.

T. Moore.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove ;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night
 Was love, still love !
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam ;
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
 As love's young dream !
 Oh ! there's nothing half so sweet in life,
 As love's young dream !

Though the bard to purer flame may soar,
 When wild youth's past :
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before
 To smile at last :
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name !

Oh ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love trac'd ;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot.
 On memory's waste !
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed,

'Twas morning's winged dream !
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again,
 On life's dull stream !
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

Down in the valley my father dwells,
 See, yonder, on brother he's leaning ;
 All that our garden produces he sells,
 And I help a little by gleaning :
 I must away, by break of day,
 My bucket to fill from the water ;
 And earn all I can for my father, poor man,
 For I am his only daughter.

Ladies have offered me places three,
 And bid me choose which I had rather,
 But this was the answer they got from me,
 Dear ma'am, only think of my father ;
 What would he do, were Jane with you,
 Forgetting the duty he taught her,
 O ! how would he grieve, if the cot I should leave,
 For I am his only daughter.

William, who bought, with the field below,
 The three pretty cows of old Mary,
 Shortly will want, (for he told me so,)
 A wife to look after the dairv ;
 He lives so near my father dear,
 Its only just over the water ;
 Should he ask me go, sure I cannot say no,
 For I am his only daughter.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOV'D

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Or felt soft woman's sigh ;
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye !
 Oh ! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar.
 Where love ne'er deigned to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear ;
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man, to virtue dear ;
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
 That joy her virtues give.

 NOTHING AT ALL.

In Derry down dale when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy, a courting of Kate ;
 With my nosegay so fine, in my holy-day clothes,
 My hands in my pockets a courting I goes.
 The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop—my mare in a trot—
 Now I was so bashful, so loving withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth, and I said

Nothing at all.

When I came to the house, I look'd bashful and grum,
 The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb,
 Rap went the knocker, Kate show'd her chin,
 She chuckled and buckled, I bow'd and went in.
 Now I was so bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me ;
 So I laugh'd, and I grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
 Giggled, scratched my head, and said

Nothing at all.

If bashful was I, she more bashful the maid,
 She simper'd and sigh'd, with her apron strings play'd;
 The old folks impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that my Kitty and I should be one.
 So, then we young ones both nodded consent,
 Then hand in hand to get married we went,
 When we answered the parson, in voices so small,
 You scarce could have heard us, say

Nothing at all.

But mark what a change in the course of a week,
 My Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak—
 Could play with my Kitty, and laugh at a jest,
 And Kate could talk, ay too, as well as the best.
 And talk'd of past follies, we oft have declar'd
 To encourage young folks, who at wedlock are scar'd,
 For if to your aid some assurance you call,
 You may kiss and get married, and it's

Nothing at all.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Here awa, there awa, here awa Willie ;
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame.

Lang hae I sought thee, dear hae I bought thee,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I hae follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I hae follow'd him hame ;
Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us ;
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa there awa, haud awa hame ;
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me :
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame ;
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And show her the way to haud awa hame.

THE MAIL COACH.

Come listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay ;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day—
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
Get a snack before we go—
Bring me a leg of mutton,
I'm as hungry as a glutton,
Some gravy soup—hallo !

Spoken—Why, waiter—coming, sir—Make haste, do; I shall lose my place!—Coming in a moment, sir, just take care of No. 1. Ten minutes good yet, sir. I hope your honor will remember honest Dick the hostler.—Remember! damme, I shall never forget you.—Why, waiter, and be damn'd to you, is my soup ready? Just put on the gridiron—Joseph, vill you let me have some table beer!—Just put into the pot, ma'am.—Waiter.—Sir.—Are my steaks ready?—No, Sir; but your chops are. Any passengers for the Glo'ster Mail? Yes, young man, I'm going by the Glo'ster Mail, the moment I can get my change.—Can't wait for your change; if I'm not at Lombard street by seven o'clock to receive the bags, I shall get pull'd over the coals. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle,
Such crowds of men and cattle;
Crack whip, they dash away,
They dash away, they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches,
What work for man and beast!
To have a little drop, sir,
We first of all must stop, sir,
Then afterwards make haste;
I mount—the whip I crack now,
All bustle—what a pack now
On every side approach;
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places,
They cry—I've lost the coach.

Spoken—How's this? I'm sure my name was book'd. Very likely ma'm, but not here.—Mr. Coachman, any room for two females!—None at all for females; this is

a male coach. (*Laugh.*) Tie a handkerchief round your neck Billy. Yes, papa; give my duty to grand-mama. I will, my love. Good bye, papa. Good bye, my love. All right behind, cut 'em along. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Picadilly,
 Now seated in the dilly,
 Off we scamper all;
 What merry wags and railers,
 What jolly dogs and sailors,
 Begun to sing and bawl.
 From every place we start now,
 Some company depart now,
 And others come no doubt;
 For plenty there's of room now,
 And any one may come now,
 Four insides and one out.

Spoken—I say, you lobster at the helm, have you got any room aboard?—Plenty of room, my jolly masters; there's only four inside and a fat common-council man. You've put my trunk into the wrong coach.—Never mind ma'am; we shall soon overtake it. Pray madam, an't you sitting on my Welsh wig? Hold your tongue, you noisy brute you; you've awoke me out of a comfortable nap. Keep the windows up; I've caught a cold and got a stiff neck. Now, if you please sir, we'll settle legs. Mit all my shoul, madam. Hallo! misses, you can't have that there parrot inside: one tongue's enough for a female. Take care of your heads (*Whip*) and hit 'em twice in a place. (*Horn.*)

Away, away, we rattle, &c.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flowery dale ;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale.

With " Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasures to renew ?"
 Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you."

Burns.

SANDY AND JENNY.

Come, come, bonny lassie, cried Sandy, awa',
 While mither is spinning, and ather's afa',
 The folks are at work, and the bairns are at play,
 And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.

Stay, stay, bonny laddie, then cried I with speed,
 I winna, I munna, go with you indeed ;
 Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say ?
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, bonny lassie, and mind what you do,
 For Peggy and Patty I gave up for you ;
 Besides a full twelve-month we've trifled away,
 And one or the other I'll marry to-day.

Fie, fie, bonny laddie, then cried I again,
 For Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain ;
 Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,
 And we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

Oh, then, a good-bye, bonny lassie, cried he,
 For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me ;
 The kirk is hard bye, and the bells call away,
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.

Stay, stay, bonny laddie, cried I with a smile,
 For know I was jesting, indeed, all the while ;
 Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
 And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

A LOVING LOOK FROM SALLY.

How happy is the peasant's lot,
 Serene his moments flow,
 Shelter'd in his humble cot,
 He hears the tempest blow.

A frugal meal, a faithful wife,
 And children dear possessing,
 He keeps a steady course thro' life,
 Nor asks a greater blessing.

Daily at the peep of dawn,
 His labour bids him rise ;
 Whistling o'er the dewy lawn,
 With plodding step he hies.
 Contentment makes his travel light,
 O'er mountain or thro' valley,
 No matter, so he meets at night
 A loving look from Sally. *Cumberland.*

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,

In midst of all these dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally on thy charms;
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide ;
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers ;
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious powers be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore.
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Tune—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
 For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires had
 descended,
 May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
 And your sons reap the soil which your fathers de-
 fended ;
 Mid the reign of mild Peace,
 May your nation increase,
 With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece.
 And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its
 waves.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the
 world,
 whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
 The trident of Commerce should never be hurl'd,
 To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
 But should pirates invade,
 Though in thunder array'd,
 Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade,
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
 Had justly enobled our nation in story,
 Till the dark clouds of faction obscur'd our young day,
 And enveloped the sun of American glory.
 But let traitors be told,
 Who their country have sold,

And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in
blood,

And Society's base threats with wide desolation;
May Peace like the dove, who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.

But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sov'reignty, Justice or Fame,
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision:
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.

While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd,
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd,
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by cor-
rosion;

Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm ;

Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.

Foes assail us in vain,

Though their fleets bridge the main,

For our alters and laws with our lives we'll maintain.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,

Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder ;

For unmov'd at its portal would Washington stand,

And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder !

His sword, from the sleep

Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep.

For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice ;

No intrigues can her sons from their government sever ;

Her *Pride* are her *Statesmen*—their *Laws* are her choice,

And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers for ever.

Then unite, heart and hand,

Like Leonidas' band,

And swear to the God of the ocean and land,

That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

R. T. Paine.

DEAR KATHLEEN.

Dear Kathleen, you no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
'To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little boozy,
With whiskey, ale, and cider,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
'To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose,
As sour as sloes,
The little gipsey cock'd her nose :
Yet here I've rid
Along to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honey-suckle,
The daisy and the violet
Compose so sweet a truckle,
They'll tempt you sure to spoil it,
Sweet Sall and Bell
I've pleas'd you well—
But hold—I must'nt kiss and tell,

So here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

O'Keeffe.

KITTY OF THE CLYDE.

A boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,
 When winds were rudely blowing,
 There sat, what might the goddess seem
 Of the waves, beneath her flowing ;
 But, no ; a mortal fair was she,
 Surpassing all beside,
 And youths aspir'd her choice to be—
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread his sail,
 And, while his daftness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale—
 I saw sweet Kitty floating ;
 I plung'd into the silver wave,
 With Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart well lost to save
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

But Kitty is a high-born fair,
 A lowly name I carry,
 Nor can with lordly thanes compare,
 Who woo the maid to marry ;
 But she ne'er scornful looks on me,
 And joy may yet betide,
 For hope dares flatter mine shall be
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.

TWEED SIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose,
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed,
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed :
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchants every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me, at noon where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding 'Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

MY PRETTY BRUNETTE:

Dear Nancy I have sail'd the world all around,
 And seven long years been a rover,
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
 But now my hard perils are over.
 I've saved from my toils many hundreds in gold,
 The comforts of life to beget ;
 Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl can you love me ?

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer ;
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer !
 Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main ?
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet ?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 All for my pretty brunette,
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
 And ah ! never more see my Nancy ;

But hope, like an angel, soon banished the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget :
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty brunette,
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

YE LING'RING WINDS.

Ye ling'ring winds that feebly blow,
 Why thus impede my way ;
 Why moves the lazy ship so slow,
 When Mary mourns my stay :
 For when she bade me last adieu,
 She dropt a tear, and cried, " Be true."
 For when she bade, &c.

When as the midnight watch I keep,
 I view the sparkling sea ;
 While round my messmates careless sleep,
 I fondly think on thee ;
 Remembrance paints the last adieu,
 When Mary wept, and cried, " Be true."
 Remembrance paints, &c.

Tho' I be distant as the pole,
 Tho' furious tempests foam,
 Tho' billows mount, tho' thunders roll,
 No distance, time or storm,
 The scene can banish from my view,
 When Mary wept, and cried, " Be true."
 The scene, &c.

Oft up the shrouds my steps are borne,
 I take my airy stand,
 And oft my longing eyes I turn,
 And look in vain for land :
 Dejected I rejoin the crew,
 And fondly hope my Mary's true,
 Dejected I rejoin, &c.

Come then, ye briskly pleasing gales,
 For once auspicious prove ;
 Come, swell the bosoms of my sails,
 And waft me to my love ;
 Moor'd in her arms, to toils adieu,
 If still I find my Mary's true.
 Moor'd in her arms, &c.

PAST MASTER'S SONG.

Let Masonry, from Pole to Pole,
 Her sacred laws expand,
 Far as the mighty waters roll,
 To wash remotest lands—
 That Virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove ;
 For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
 Are Unity and Love.

Ascend to her native sky,
 Let Masonry increase ;
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base.

Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd,
 An emblematic dove,
 As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
 Is Unity and Love.

TO LIBERTY'S ENRAPTUR'D SIGHT.

To liberty's enraptur'd sight,
 When first Columbia shone ;
 She hail'd it from her starry height,
 And smiling, claim'd it as her own—
 "Fair land," the goddess cried, "be free !
 Soil of my choice ! to fame arise !"
 She spoke, and heaven's minstrelsy,
 Swell'd the loud chorus through the skies.
 All hail, for ever great and free,
 Columbia—land of liberty !

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
 And proudly rais'd her drooping crest,
 Her sons impatient fill'd the plain,
 Where panted high each patriot's breast.
 Their fetters they indignant spurn'd,
 They wav'd their falchions high in air,
 And where the goddess' altar burn'd,
 From kneeling warriors rose the prayer—
 To die be ours, if thou art free,
 Columbia—land of liberty !

War blew her clarion loud and long,
 Oppression led his legions on ;
 To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
 And soon the glorious day was won—

Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death ;
 Flying he saw his country's foes,
 And wafted by his latest breath,
 To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
 Content I die—for thou art free !
 Columbia—land of liberty !

And shall we ever dim the fires,
 That flame on freedom's hallowed shrines !
 Shall glory's children shame their sires !
 Shall cowards spring from hero's loins !
 No—by the blood our fathers shed,
 O freedom ! in thy holy cause :
 When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
 It seal'd and sanctified thy laws—
 We swear to keep thee great and free !
 Columbia—land of liberty !

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
 away ;
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed! how they
 bound,
 While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.
 Hark away, is the word, to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo ! makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue ;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
 While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.
 Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death ;
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
 To hunting, all pleasure and pastime must yield.

Hark away, &c.

IN IRELAND SO FRISKEY.

Oh! in Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whiskey,
 We manage to keep care and sorrow aloof ;
 Our whirligig revels, made all the blue devils
 Creep out with the smoke, through a hole in the roof.
 But well I remember, one foggy November,
 My mother cried, "go make your fortune my lad ;
 Go bother the ninnies, clean out of their guineas,"
 Away then I scamper'd from Ballinafad.

Oh! to seek for promotion, I walk'd the wide ocean,
 Was shipwreck'd, and murder'd, and sold for a slave ;
 Over mountains and rivers was pelted to shivers,
 And met on this land with a watery grave.
 But now safe on dry land, in this blessed island,
 Oh! whiskey and cubba will make my heart glad ;
 To the sweet flowing Liffey, I'm off in a giffey,
 With a whack for old Ireland and Ballinafad.

And its oh! from this station to that blessed nation,
 Again Master Murtock shall visit your shore :
 Where I'll flourish so gaily my sprig of shillelah,
 Long life to the girls and to whiskey galore.
 O, then all my cousins will run out by dozens,
 And out too will hobble old mammy and dad ;
 When at dinner they'll treat us with mealy potatoes,
 And whiskey distill'd at sweet Ballinafad.

My American beauty with skin rather sooty,
 With fun and fandango will join in our jigs,
 While she'll cry with a titter, "the room's in a litter,"
 Arrah, darling, says I, "tis a litter of pigs,"
 Oh! then all the girls will conge and giggle,
 And dance all around as if they were mad;
 While the bells in the steeple will tell all the people,
 Arrah, Murtock's come back to sweet Ballinafad.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs!
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 By light'nings vivid pow'rs!
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the bay of Biscay O!

Now dash'd upon the billows,
 Our op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak!
 To cling the slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till next day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow,
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;

Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;
 When heav'n all bounteous ever,
 It boundless mercy sent !
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail it with three cheers !
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the bay of Biscay, O !

JUG, JUG, JUG,

I've liv'd a life of some few years,
 I'm fifty-four to-morrow ;
 For every smile I've shed three tears,
 Thus mingling joy with sorrow,
 Now wiser grown, I scorn to cry,
 Though tears are wet and I am dry,
 And if a drop I've in my eye,
 And if a drop I've in my eye,
 'Tis when I hear the glasses ring,
 And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing ;
 'Tis when, &c.

The friend I trusted, lack a day,
 Most scurvily abus'd me ;
 The wife I married ran away,
 With him who thus did use me.
 My grief too big to let me cry,
 Could only tell my sorrows dry,
 And if a drop I've in my eye,
 And if a drop I've in my eye,
 'This when, &c.

Yet think not tho' some folks are bad,
 Ill usage makes me sulking ;
 At duty's call old Jack's the lad,
 Who ne'er was fond of skulking ;
 When love of country wets the eye,
 Like ev'ry tar my best I'll try,
 To drub the foe when I am dry,
 'To drub the foe when I am dry,
 Drink friends again, away care fling,
 While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

SOFT FANCY.

In airy dreams soft fancy flies,
 My absent love to see :
 And with the early dawn I rise,
 Dear youth to think on thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
 While love and hope were new,
 Sweet as the breath of opening flowers,
 But ah ! as transient too.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on, thou shining river,
 But ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower and give her
 The wreath I fling o'er thee ;
 And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there ;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

T. Moore.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,
 The brightest still the fleetest,
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest ;
 Stars that shine and fall,
 The flow'r that drops in springing,
 These, alas ! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging,

Who would seek, or prize
 Delights that end in aching ?
 Who would trust to ties
 That ev'ry hour are breaking ?
 Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying,
 Than be blest with light, and see
 That light for ever flying.
 All that's, &c.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Near Clyde's gay streams, there liv'd a maid,
 Whose mind was chaste and pure ;
 Content she lived a humble life,
 Belov'd by all who knew her ;
 Protected 'neath her parents roof,
 Her time pass'd on so merry,
 She lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 By William of the ferry.

From morning dawn till set of sun,
 Poor William labour'd hard,
 And when at evening's glad return,
 How sweet was his reward ;
 With heart so light unto her cot,
 He tripp'd so blithe and merry,
 All daily toil was soon forgot,
 By William of the ferry.

With joy their parents gave consent,
 And hail'd the bridal day,

Ere it arriv'd the press-gang came,
And forc'd poor Will away :
He found resistance was in vain,
They dragg'd him from his wherry,
I ne'er shall see my love again,
Cried William of the ferry.

Loud blew the angry winds around,
When scarce a league from shore,
The boat upset, the ruffian crew,
Soon sunk to rise no more.
But William fearless brav'd the waves,
And safely reach'd his wherry ;
Peace was proclaim'd, and Jane's now bless'd,
With William of the ferry.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

My mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor,
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labor invite,
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door ;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the horse, old Spintext, of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jorum of nappy, quit pleasant and happy,
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol de rol de rol lol de rol la.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission ;
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, preferr'd his petiton.

'I'm come, sir,' said he, 'to beg, look, d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.'

"The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?"

'Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay ;'

"You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away."

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, 'sir, a small child,
 Cannot long delay your intentions ;'

"Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear
 I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
 Come Moses, the king ; 'tis a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a vicar."

Then Moses he spoke ; 'Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible shower ;'

“Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I’m sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I’ll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can’t endanger, that’s
plain ;
But perhaps you or I may take cold.”

Then Moses went on ; ‘ Sir, the clock has struck one
Pray, master, look up at the hand ;’
“ Why, it ne’er can strike less, ’tis folly to press
A man to walk on that can’t stand.”

At length, hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But first cramm’d his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipp’d off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger’d on side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum’d a stave,
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

“ Good people, let’s pray, put the corpse t’other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
’Tis best to take care, tho’ the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can’t tremble.

Woman that’s of a man born ; that’s wrong, the leaf’s
torn :
A man, that is born of a woman,
Can’t continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower,
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down :
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That a blockhead should print for the crown.

Pr'ythee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead."

(“Amen! amen!”)

“Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your
 tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

“O where's thy sting, death?” put the corpse in the
 earth,

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.”

So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,
 Singing, tol de rol lol de rol la.

WHEN BIBO WENT DOWN.

When Bibo went down to the regions below,
 Where Lethe and Styx round eternity flow.
 He wak'd in the boat, and he would be row'd back,
 For his soul it was thirsty and wanted some sack.
 But Charon replied, you were drunk when you died,
 And ne'er felt the pains that to death are allied ;
 Take me back, replied Bibo, I mind not the pain,
 And if I was drunk let me die once again.

Forget, replied Charon, those regions of strife,
 Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life,

Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,
E'en the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning
stream;

The gods! replied Bibo—Drink water who will,
The maxim of mortals I'll ever fulfil:
So prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
Our Lethe on earth is a bumper of wine.

At length grim old Cerberus gave a loud roar.
When the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;
Then Bibo got up and he stagger'd to land,
And he jostled the-ghosts as they stood on the strand.
Says Charon, I tell you, 'tis vain to rebel,
For you're banish'd from earth, and are now in hell;
That's a truth, replied Bibo, I know by this sign,
For 'tis hell upon earth to be wanting of wine.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D.

And has she then fail'd in her truth?

The beautiful maid I adore;
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor see her lov'd form any more!
No, no, no, I shall ne'er see her more.

Ah, Selima, cruel you prove,
Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail;
I could not presume you would love,
Yet pity I hoped would prevail,

And since hatred alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care,
Death now is my only desire,
I give myself up to despair.

THE CORONATION.

At my sweet home in our village,
 When we have done our labour,
 The barber every night does read
 The news to each good neighbour ;
 I heard it all and did not stay,
 For father's approbation,
 But started off to Lunnun town,
 To see the Coronation;

When here, I got across the bridge,
 I felt myself quite fluster'd,
 To see all around about the town,
 Such flocks of people muster'd ;
 But howsomever in the crowd,
 I got myself a station,
 And there I waited anxiously
 To see the Coronation;

Somehow a trooper's prancing horse,
 Got frighten'd at a dandy,
 And caper'd in among the crowd,
 So frolicsome and randy ;
 So I was carried off my legs,
 And shoved on elevation,
 Where I got a seat for nought, to see
 The famous Coronation.

I sat me down so very still,
 And no one came to rout me,
 I sily cast my eyes upon
 The ladies round about me ;

The crowd it was so very great,
Put all in a perspiration,
And melted all the red and white
At the famous Coronation.

Just at the time I do declare,
Procession was beginning,
I saw dukes and nobles looking blue,
And lankee lords a grinning ;
I simply asked for the king,
When a man wi' irritation,
Says, you're a very pretty fowl
To come to Coronation.

O then the king himself did come,
Dressed out so fine, O dear me !
I never had in all my life,
A king so very near me ;
So graciously he made a bow,
To me, in congregation,
So I were taken notice of
At famous Coronation.

When this I found at end, thinks I,
I've see'd all that I can see,
When out I got, and then I found,
I'd paid dear for my fancy ;
I lost a sov'reign and my purse,
And on examination,
My watch that ne'er would go before,
Gad went at Coronation.

Although I lost my money purse,
And thief my pockets fumbling,

You may'nt suppose that ever I
 Do give my mind to grumbling ;
 I like the sight so very well,
 Without the leastest hesitation,
 I'd just another sov'reign give,
 To see another Coronation.

LOGAN BRAES.

O Logan sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 And years since ye hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumly winter dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes:

Again the merry month o' May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs ;
 The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs :
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his sang her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurselings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,

Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye mak mony a foad heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Burns.

FLY NOT YET.

Air—"Planxty Kelly."

Fly not yet 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure like the midnight flow'r,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids that love the moon:
'Twas but to bless the hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made:
'Tis then, their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain,
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Through icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth began

To burn when night was near :
 And thus should woman's heart and looks,
 At noon be cold in winter brooks,
 Nor kindle, till the night returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh ! stay,—Oh ! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here.

T. Moore.

BESSY.

Fly from the world, oh ! Bessy to me,
 Thou'lt never find any sincerer,
 I'll give up the world, oh ! Bessy, for thee,
 I'll never find any that's dearer :
 Then tell me no more with a tear and a sigh,
 That our loves will be censur'd by many,
 All have their follies and who can deny,
 That ours is sweetest of any.

When your lips has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it,
 Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet,
 No, rather 'twas heaven that did it,
 So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
 So little of guilt is there in it.
 That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
 And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh, fly to his shed,
 From a world which I know thou despisest,

And slumber will hover as light o'er our head,
 As e'en on the couch of the wisest,
 And when o'er our pillow the tempests is driven,
 And thou, pretty innocent fearest ;
 I'll tell thee it is not the chidings of heaven.
 'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

And, oh, when we lay on our death-bed, my love,
 Looking back on the scenes of our errors,
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
 And death be disarm'd of his terrors :
 And each to the other, embracing will say,
 Farewell, let us hope we're forgiven ;
 Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven. *T. Moore.*

GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKEY.

You've surely heard o' famous Niel,
 The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
 I wat he was a canty chiel',
 And dearly lo'ed the whiskey, O !
 And ay sin' he wore tartan trews,
 He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose ;
 And wae was he, you may suppose,
 To play farewell to whiskey, O.

Alake, quoth Niel, I'm frail aud auld,
 And find my bluid grows unco cauld,
 I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap highland whiskey, O !
 Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
 That whiskey's na the drink for me :

Saul, quoth he, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and whiskey, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
To play fareweel to whiskey, O.

But still I think on auld lang syne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind,
Forbid, like highland whiskey, O.

Come, a' ye powers of music, come!
I find my heart grows unco glum;
My fiddle-strings will na play bum
To say fareweel to whiskey, O.
Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
To mak a lamentation grand,
On gude auld highland whiskey, O.

A FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON.

Come let us prepare
We *Brothers* that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring,
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on.

They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our mysteries to put a good grace on,
And ne'er be ashamed
To hear themselves named
With a free and an accepted mason.

Still firm to our trust,
In friendship we're just,
Our actions we guide by our reason,
By observing this rule,
The passions move cool
Of a free and an accepted mason.

All idle debate
About church or the state,
The springs of impiety and treason,
These raisers of strife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our side,

Which adds high renown to our station,
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

The clergy embrace,
 And all Aaron's race,
 Our square actions their knowledge to place on.
 And in each degree
 They'll honoured be
 With a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere
 In our love to the fair.
 Who will trust us on every occasion ;
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand ;
 Let's be merry and put a good face on.
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

GO TO BED SAM.

Air—" *A Cobbler liv'd at York.*"

In the conjugal chain firmly tied
 Sam and Sal resolved to be,
 The maiden a stout six-foot bride,
 The bridegroom just three foot and three.

In their way to the church a brook
 Bubbled across the road,
 Her spouse in her arms she took,
 And over it neatly strode.

Spoken.—“Vy doesn't you move your trotters, Sam; you doesn't seem to be in a very great hurry to be made happy. I supposes Bet still runs in your head, a hussy; but ven I am your lawful vedded wife, I'll sift that affair to the very bottom, and if it's true, I'll ring in your ears such a
 Row de dow de dow, row de dow de dow,
 Go to bed, Sam.

The little man's nose o'er his chin
 Hung, shielding it from the sun,
 His toes they turned prettily in;
 He'd of two little pig's eyes lost one.
 His bride with a snubbed snout,
 Not quite an inch in size,
 Had legs which bow'd neatly out,
 And grey goggle gooseberry eyes.

Spoken.—Like the great, they saw a great deal of company, and but little of their own. Sam did not mind bending his back so that he got something by it; they drank hard, kept late hours, dined so late sometimes that they waited until the following day for their dinner; but Sal found out Sam gambled. “So sir, you toss up with Blindsrape, the fiddler, do you, sir?” Indeed, she did ring in his ears such a
 Row de dow, &c.

Their tempers no more could agree,
 Soon another quarrel arose;
 While at bandy legs sneering was he,
 She lustily rung his long nose;

H

Till forced to submit to his fate,
 As he must do who weds,
 Their broils, like those of the great,
 They ended in separate beds,
Spoken.—So there was an end of these
 Row de dow, &c.

QUITE POLITELY.

When first in Lunnun I arriv'd,
 On a visit, on a visit,
 When first in Lunnun, I arriv'd,
 ' Midst heavy rain and thunder,
 There I espy'd a lass in green,
 The bonniest wench that eyes e'er seen :
 I'd often heard of beauty's queen,
 Thinks I, by gum, I've found her.
 Tol de rol, &c.

She stood stock still, I did the same,
 Gazing on her, gazing on her,
 She stood stock still, I did the same,
 We both looked mighty simple ;
 Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any sloes,
 And nigh her mouth a dimple.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Madam, says I and made a bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her
 Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 I quite forgot the weather ;

If you will I permission give,
I'll see you home where'er you live,
With that she took me by the sleeve,
And off we trudg'd together.
Tol de rol, &c.

A pratty wild-goose chase we had,
Up and down, sirs, in and out sirs,
A pratty wild-goose chase we had,
The cobbled stones so gall'd me ;
At length we came unto a door,
Where twenty lasses, ay, or more,
Came out to have a bit galore,
At a bumpkin, as they call'd me,
Tol de rol, &c.

Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
Quite politely, quite politely,
Walk in, kind sir, says she to me,
Poor lad, they cried, he's undone.
Walk in, kind sir,—not so, says I,
For I've got other fish to fry :
I've seen you home, so now good bye,
I'ze Yorkshire, though in Lunnun.
Tol de rol, &c.

My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
Cautious ever, cautious ever,
My pockets soon I rummaged o'er,
I found a diamond ring there ;
For I had this precaution took,
To stitch in each a small fish hook,

In groping for my pocket book,
 The hook it stript her finger.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 Living idle, living idle,
 Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 'Tis time to strike to work, sir ;
 I did not play the silly ass,
 I sold the ring, and got the brass,
 'T will do to toast the Lunnun lass,
 When I get back to Yorkshire.
 Tol de rol, &c.

MY FRIEND IS THE MAN.

My friend is the man I would copy through life,
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife ;
 No murmurs escape him, though fortune bears hard,
 Content is his portion, and peace his reward .
 Still happy in his station,
 He minds his occupation,
 Nor heeds the snares,
 Nor knows the cares
 Which vice and folly bring,
 Daily working wearily,
 And nightly singing cheerily,
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his land and liberty.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
 He lessens his little for others that want ;

Tho' his children's dear claims on his industry press,
He has something to spare for the child of distress.

He seeks no idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble,
To clear his way
From day to day

His honest views extend ;
When he speaks it's verily
When he smiles it's merrily,

Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his
friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantile love.

Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,

The happy hero see ;
No vain schemes confound him,
All his joys surround him.

Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty !

M. P. Andrews.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd ;
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd ;
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded the slain,
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice 'ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
 To the house of my father's that welcomed me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And well knew the strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er.

And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of heart.
 "Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay,
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

GYPSIES' GLEE.

O! who has seen the miller's wife?
 I, I, I! and kindled up new strife;
 A shilling from her palm I took
 Ere on the cross lines I could look.
 Who, who's the tanner's daughter seen?
 I, I, I, in quest of her have been,
 But, as the tanner was within,
 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.

From ev'ry place condemned to roam,
 In every place we seek a home ;
 These branches form our summer roof,
 By thick-grown leaves made weather proof.
 In sheltering nooks and hollow ways,
 We cheerly pass our winter days ;
 Come, circle round the gipsies' fire,
 Our songs, our stories never tire.

Come, stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
 You'll find the gipsy's life is merry.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou queen of the west, the world's Cushlamachree
 Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger ;
 There smiles hospitality, hearty and free ;
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wand'rer is welcomed with Cushlamachree
 Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.
 Then, flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

C. Phillips.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need a body cry ?
 Ilka body ha' a body,
 Ne'er a ane hae I ;
 But a' the lads they lo'e me,
 And what the waur am I ?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need a body tell ?
 Ilka body has a body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' fra the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need a body frown.
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.

 BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE CARE OF
 YOURSELF.

When I was at home, with my father and mother,
 I beat the old couple, and Teddy, my brother,
 At learning I mean ; for I handled the spade,
 And so nately I followed the turf-cutting trade.
 But old father Murphy, our parish director,
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture ;

“Arrah, Barney,” says he, “you’re a frolicksome elf,
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself.”
With your too ral lal loo, &c.

My Judy I lov’d, and oft gave her a kiss ;
“ Fie, Barney,” says she, but ne’er took it amiss :
One night I took leave ; says I, “ Judy, I’m off,”
But heard, as I thought, in the closet, a cough ;
So I opened the door, and I stared like a pig,
There stood old father Murphy, without hat or wig ;
“ Arrah, father,” says I, “ you’re a frolicksome elf,
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself.”
With your too ral lal loo, &c.

I was going, when old father Murphy cried, “ stay,
We’ll settle this matter, I’ll tell you the way,
I’ll marry you both, and then, Barney, you know—”
“ Thank’e father,” says I, “ but I’d much rather go ;”
So to old father Murphy, I bade a good night,
And to Judy, I said, what you’ll own was quite right,
‘ Arrah, Judy,” says I, “ you’re a frolicksome elf,
But I’ll be a good boy and take care of myself.”
With my too ral lal loo, &c.

WHILE THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shal’ merrily, ah,
Sound their tabors, I’ll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee that merrily, ah,
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads of the village, &c.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the dower,
 And his mate shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bower,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads of the village.

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame ?
 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free ;
 And, to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,
 Believe thou shalt presently see.
 While the lads of the village, &c.

Dibdin.

'T WAS YOU, SIR.

A Catch.

'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir,
 I tell you nothing new, sir,
 'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl,
 'Twas you, sir, you ;
 'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,
 You look so very blue, sir,
 I'm sure you kissed the pretty girl,
 'Tis true, sir, true ;
 Oh, sir, no, sir ?
 How can you wrong me so, sir ?
 I did not kiss the pretty girl—
 But I know who.

Mornington.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to sit with me,
 And tune his merry throat
 Unto the sweet bird's note,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i'the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Shakspeare.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows, of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing ee'n o' bonnie blue !
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow ;

Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form, and gracefu' air ;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair :
 Her's are willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shows at sunny-noon :
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon :
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling recalling,
 The am'rous thrush concludes his sang ;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By whimpering burn and leafy shaw ;
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

Burns.

THE DEAREST SWEETEST SPOT IS HOME.

I've wandered through that Indian land,
 Where Nature wears her richest hue ;
 I've stood upon the Grecian strand.
 And gazed upon the waters blue :
 I've stray'd beneath a myrtle grove,
 On Arno's banks, when day has set,
 And heard the Italian's song of love
 Come softly from his gondolet ;
 But still, though far and wide we roam,
 The sweetest, dearest spot, is home.

The gaudy plants of tropic skies,
 Though bright the tints in which they bloom,
 Though decked in Beauty's proudest dyes,
 Are yet divested of perfume,
 One wild rose of my native vale,
 The jessamine round my cottage twined,
 That waft their fragrance on the gale,
 Have charms far dearer to my mind :
 For still, though far and wide we roam,
 The sweetest, dearest spot, is home.

J. Sullivan.

WHACK FOR O'SHAUGHNASHANE.

Hail to our chief now he's wet through with whiskey!
 Long life to the lady come from the salt seas !
 Strike up, blind harpers ! hey to be friskey !
 For what is so gay as a bag full of fleas ?

Crest of O'Shaughnashane !
 That's a potatoe, plain,
 Long may your root every Irishman know !
 Pats long have stuck to it,
 Long bid good luck to it ;
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—tooly whagg ho !

Our's is an esculent, lusty and lasting,
 No turnip, or other weak babe of the ground ;
 Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting
 Half Erin's inhabitants all the year round.
 Wants the soil where 'tis flung,
 Hog's, cow's, or horses' dung,
 Still does the crest of O'Shaughnashane grow ;
 Shout for it, Ulster men !
 Till the bogs quake again !
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—tooley whagg ho !

Drink, Paddies, drink ! to the lady so shining !
 While flow'ret shall open and bog-trotters dig,
 So long may the sweet rose of beauty be twining
 Around the potatoe of proud Blarney-gig !
 While the plant vegetates,
 While whiskey re-creates.
 Wash down the root from the horns that o'erflow ;
 Shake your shillelaghs, boys !
 Schreeching drunk, scream your joys !
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—tooley whagg ho !

Time rolls his course ;—now seems in haste,
 And now seems slow—as cooks roll paste ;

Rolling out vows from human dust,
 Soon to be broken—soon as crust.
 All under Time to ruin falls,
 Like Blarney-gig's now moulder'd walls.

G. Coleman

O, WE'RE A' NODDIN.

O, we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 O, we're a' noddin at our house at hame.
 When the dame's asleep, and the good man fu'
 When lads love lasses, and lasses love so true,
 Kate sits i' the neuk, and her Jo sits by,
 And the moon shines bright as the love in her eye.
 And they're a' noddin, &c.

And how d'ye, kimmer? and how d'ye, dear?
 How long hae ye loved me?—a twalmonth or near;
 I hae lov'd ye a twalmonth, dearer than life,
 And e're a day aulder, I'se mak' ye my wife.
 And be ye aye noddin, &c.

And how d'ye kimmer? and how d'ye thrive?
 O' siller and goud I ha plenty to wive;
 Gie's your hand then, my Jo,—O, na, na, na,
 My hand it was promised to Willie far awa'!
 And we're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk weel, and dogs like broo,
 Lads like lasses weel, and lasses lads too.
 And we're a' noddin, &c.

MINSTREL

TOM AND JERRY.

Air—"The Tom Cat."

Tom and Jerry sprints
 Ring about so merry,
 Nought is known to please
 Like "Go it, Tom and Jerry!"
 La lal la, lal la, &c.

Life in London now,
 Yes, to tell you fairly,
 Is to breed a row,
 And then to floor a Charley!

Tom in squeezing Nan,
 Chanced to tear her garment,
 When she thus began—
 "There, you nasty varment!"

Jerry knelt and sighed,
 Love for love to barter
 When the charmer cried—
 "Now, vat are you arter?"

Tom would kiss the dear,
 "No," says Nan, "so claws off!
 Vat the devil's here?
 Fellers, keep your paws off."

But it would not do,
 Kiss they would so merry;
 When she knocked down Tom,
 And then she lathered Jerry.
 La lal, &c.

WILLIAM THE BRAVE.

By the side of yon streamlet there grows a green willow,
 That bends to its surface and kisses each wave,
 Beneath whose dark shades, with the sod for his pillow,
 In peace rests the spirit of William the Brave.
 There, there o'er his grave does no stone tell his story;
 No monument glitters in splendid array;
 Oh, no! on the heart is recorded his glory,
 On love's holy altar 'twill never decay.

There lonely at evening, when day is declining,
 Sweet Mary in sorrow oft hies to his grave,
 And moistens the flowers, in beauty entwining,
 With tears to the memory of William the Brave.
 'Tis the test of affection, far sweeter appearing,
 Than all the gay glitter that custom e'er gave:
 Ah, Heaven! 'tis a tribute, and doubly endearing
 When shed by fond love o'er the tomb of the brave.
J. G. Drake.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour, that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow:—
 "My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my true-love's bower;
 Gaily for love and fame to fight,
 Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd, with helm on head
 And harp in hand, the descant rung ;
 As faithful to his favourite maid,
 The minstrel-burthen still he sung ;
 " My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
 Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior lay ;
 " My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
 He fell beneath the foemen's glaive,
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave :
 " My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;
 For love and fame to fall in fight
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour." *W. Scot*

HULL'S VICTORY.

O'er the trident of Neptune Britannia had boasted,
 Her flag long triumphantly flew,
 Her fleet undisturb'd round America coasted,
 Till Hull taught the foe what our seamen could do

Let the trumpet of fame tell the story,
 And our tars give to honour and glory,
 Hark ! hark ! how the cannon like thunder does rattle,
 Our hero's quite cool in the uproar of battle.

See the bold Constitution the Guerriere o'ertaking,
 While seas from her fury divide,
 The all conquering foe, boys, our thunder is raking,
 See her mizen-mast falls in the deep o'er her side ;
 See her hulk now our bullets are boring,
 The blood from her scuppers is pouring,
 See ! see ! she's aboard, shall we yield boys ? no never,
 We'll fight for our rights on the ocean for ever.

Brave Hull gave the orders for boarding, but wonder,
 By the board, main and foremast both go,
 A lee-gun proclaims she submits to our thunder,
 Which drowns the vain boast of our now humble foe.
 Huzza now the conquest proclaiming,
 Our tars see the Guerriere flaming,
 See ! see ! as she burns sinks the battle's commotion,
 She blows up, she scatters her hull on the ocean.

With equal force let Britannia send out her whole navy,
 Our seamen in bondage to drag,
 Our heroes will send them express to old Davy,
 Or forfeit their lives in defence of their flag.
 Let the trumpet of fame tell the story,
 And our tars give to honour and glory ;
 Death ! death ! they'll prefer, e'er from honour they
 sever,
 Then glory to Hull and our navy for ever.

WHEN I GAZ'D ON A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

When I gaz'd on a beautiful face,
 Or a form which my fancy approv'd ;
 I was pleas'd with its sweetness and grace,
 And falsely believ'd that I lov'd :
 But my heart, though it strove to deceive,
 The injustice it would not allow,
 I could look, I could like, I could leave,
 But I never could love till now,
 Ah ! never, no never, oh, never, no never,
 I never could love till now.

Yet, though I from others could rove,
 Now harbour no doubt of my truth ;
 Those flames were not kindled by love,
 They were kindled by folly and youth :
 But no longer of reason bereft,
 On your hand, that pure altar I vow ;
 Tho' I've look'd, and have lik'd and have left,
 That I never have lov'd till now.
 Ah ! never, no never, &c. *M. G. Lewis*

O ! NAXOS.

When I left thy shores, O ! Naxos,
 Not a tear in sorrow fell,
 Not a sigh in falter'd accent,
 Spoke my bosom's struggling swell,

Yet my heart sunk chill within me,
 And I wav'd a hand as cold :
 When I thought thy shores O ! Naxos,
 I should never more behold.

Still the blue wave danc'd around us,
 ' Midst the sun-beams jocund smile,
 Still the air breath'd balmy summer,
 Wafted from that happy Isle ;
 When some hand the strain awaking
 Of my home and native shore,
 Then 'twas first I wept, O ! Naxos,
 That I ne'er should see thee more.

Byron.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd Susan came on board !
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 " Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew ?"

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides s wiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,

(If chance his mate's shrill voice to hear)
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go :

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand. *Gay.*

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild
 ale,

Out of which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale,
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e're drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
 In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbor as gay as you please ;
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo, was soaking his clay ;
 His' breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug
 And with part of fat Toby, he made this brown jug ;
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale

Fawkes.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built his nest in the pine.

I could trace back the time, to a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers' toil'd in the field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,
 Is the same that my forefathers' till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied, descended to me ;
 For my child I'll preserve it, unblemish'd with shame.
 And it still from a spot shall be free. *O'Keefe.*

O WHISTLE.

O Whistle and I'll come to you my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you my lad :
 'Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a jee ;
 Syne up the back-style and let nae body see,
 And come as ye were nae comin' to me.

O whistle, &c.

A; kirk, or at market when e'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd nae a flee,

Put steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were nae lookin' at me.

O whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care nae for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee,
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she whyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, &c.

PATRICK AND NORAH.

The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they caol the praises of spring;
 Though Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms!
 Though satins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

MORNING'S DAWN.

At morning's dawn, the hunters rise,
 To view the beauty of the skies,
 The hounds proclaim returning day,
 The huntsmen cry, hark, hark away!
 The hounds proclaim returning day!
 The huntsmen cry, hark, hark away!
 Hark, hark, hark away!

The earths are stopp'd, the hounds well thro',
 The earths are stopp'd, the hounds well thro',
 In hopes to hear sweet tally ho!
 Tally ho! tally ho! tally ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
 The earths are stopp'd, the hounds well thro',
 In hopes to hear sweet tally ho!

To rural hark, the huntsmen cry,
 A certain sign, for sportsmen's joy;
 Hark forward—next, salutes our ear,
 A cheering proof the fox is near.
 The earths are stopp'd, &c.

Now swift we course, o'er hill and dale,
 O'er hedge and ditch, o'er gate or rail;
 Our sport with rapture we persue,
 Until sly reynard's brush we view.
 The earths are stopp'd, &c.

HARVEST MORNING.

When the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain,
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See Content, the humble gleaner
 Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous cares for all.

KATHLEEN.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast ;
Yet doest thou dream thy true-love's near,
Depriv'd of peace and rest ?

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me ;
Though sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
To none but love and thee !

A GLASS IS GOOD.

A glass is good and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather ;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of good wine in it ;
A song is good, when a body can sing,
And to finish, we must begin it.

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,
And good company sitting round it ;
When a good way off, we're not very near,
And for sorrow the devil confound it.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that's a good time to try him,
For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,
With such a good present you buy him.

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
 A rogue very good for good hanging,
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 My good song deserves a good banging.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given :
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven !

T. Moore.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY.

Oh ! come on some cold rainy day,
 When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
 Bring your sighs and your tears Granny Gray :
 Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart-piercing shoots from your corn,
Bring all the dull news you can gather,
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so forlorn :
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasion'd by badness of weather ;
About horrible dreams and dull nights ;
And we'll all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kiss'd mother Mumph in the cellar,
That frighten'd the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkeys so clever ;
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough
To make us all unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion and blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white and yellow,
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood :
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for those days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather ;
Let's suppose that this day is our last ;
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you, my dear Granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst, the gin's run away ;
And we're all here unhappy together.

TO THY GREEN FIELDS.

To thy green fields, sweet Erin, I've long bade adieu,
 But my heart's fondest blessing remains still with you;
 And though ocean's dark billows between us may roll,
 Thou shalt still be the pride and the queen of my soul;
 From my dear native shore I am borne by the wave;
 Then farewell to thee, Erin, thou land of the brave.

To the shrine of true honour thy children all bend,
 To adversity ever assistance they lend;
 And though doom'd in a far distant climate to toil,
 A true son of green Erin forgets not his soil:
 Hoping still, that once more borne along by the wave,
 He shall welcome thee, Erin, thou land of the brave.

CROOS-KEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
 As the huntsman does his hounds.
 And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn,
 While I more blest than they,
 Spend each happy night and day
 With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn,
 Oh, my smiling little Croos-keen lawn.
 Leante ruma Croos-keen
 Sleante gar ma voor meh neen
 Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,
 Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban.

In court with manly grace,
 Should Sir Toby plade his case,

And the merits of his cause make known,
 Without his cheerful glass,
 He'd be stupid as an ass,
 So he takes a little Croos-keen lawn.
 Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
 Let's not part with lips so dry,
 Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn.
 But if we can't remain,
 May we shortly meet again,
 To fill another Croos-keen lawn.
 Leante, ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,
 After few but happy years,
 And tells me my glass it is run, run, run,
 I'll say, begone you slave,
 For great Bacchus gives me lave
 Just to fill another Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn.
 Leante, ruma, &c.

THE TWIG OF SHELALY.

Malrooney's my name, I'm a comical boy,
 A tight little lad at shelaly ;
 St. Paddy with whiskey he suckled me, joy,
 Among the sweet bogs of Kelaly !
 The world I began with the prospect so fair,
 My dad was worth nothing, and I was his heir ;
 So all my estate was a heart free from care,
 And a tight little twig of shelaly.

“ Turn captain,” cried dad, “ and if kilt in th’ strife,
 Success and long life to Shelaly !
 Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,
 As sure as there’s bogs in Kelaly.”
 But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
 How conceited I’d look in a fine laurel wreath,
 Wi’ my head in my mouth to stand picking my teeth,
 Wi’ a tight little twig of shelaly.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I’ll aid,
 The lands of oak stick, and shelaly ;
 For now these two sisters are man and wife made,
 As sure as there’s bogs in Kelaly.
 I’ll still for their friends have a heart warm and true,
 To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do ?
 Yes, I’ll give ’em my hand—but, along wi’ it too,
 A tight little twig of shelaly.

CEASE, OH! CEASE TO TEMPT.

Cease, oh! cease to tempt my tender heart to love,
 It never, never can so wild a flame approve ;
 All its joys, and pains, to others I resign,
 But be the vacant heart, the careless bosom mine.
 Then cease, oh! cease to tempt my tender heart to love,
 It never can so wild a flame approve.
 Say, oh! say no more that lovers’ pains are sweet !
 I never, never can believe the fond deceit.

Thou lov’st the wounded heart,

I love to wander free ;

So, keep thou Cupid’s dart,

And leave his wings for me.

T. Moore

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

The sun had descended beneath the green wave,
 The dew drops of even the wild flowers lave.
 While the gentle queen of night shines on yonder rip-
 pling rill,

I'll listen to thy strains, oh ! lonely Whip-poor-will.

No more shall the poet be proud of his lay ;
 Apollo shall yield to the muse of the spray :
 No tabor of the plains, no music of the hill,
 Can equal thy strains, oh ! lonely Whip-poor-will.

The robin may sing his soft sonnet of love,
 And Philomel warble her woes to the grove,
 While the soft and tender lay does the soul with rap-
 ture fill,

It can ne'er be compared to the lonely Whip-poor-will.

In life's rugged path if few roses we find,
 Should hope prove delusive, and fortune unkind,
 Should the fickle goddess frown, I could meet her
 with a smile,

And listen to thy strains, oh ! lonely Whip-poor-will.

No attractions has honour or riches for me,
 I would part with them all for a brook or and tree—
 E'en a sceptre I'd resign for a ramble on the hill,
 And one tender lay from the plaintive Whip-poor-will.

Not the wealth of Potosi should tempt me to rove
 From my grotto, my streamlet, my cascade and grove,
 While contentment still endears the sweet banks of the
 hill,

And pleasure's in thy strains, oh ! lonely Whip-poor-will.

PADDY'S WEDDING.

Sure won't you hear, what roaring cheer
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O!
 And how so gay they spent the day,
 From churching to the bedding, O!
 First book in hand came Father Quipes,
 With the bride's dadda, the baily, O!
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

The moment Father Quipes heard there was a wedding on the carpet, he went to Peter O'Reily and told him the whole affair, who thrust his arm up the chimney, and pulled down his pipes, and squeezed them under his arm, and played a neat little bit of a
 Tid-re-i, Tid-re-i, and Tid-re-id-re-i-de, O!

Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O!
 And Murdoch Maggs, and Turloch Skeggs,
 M'Laughlin, and Dick Durphy, O!
 And then the girls rigg'd out in whites,
 Led on by dad O'Reily, O!
 All jigging as the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

By the powers, it wou'd have done your heart good to see the boys and girls hopping over the gutters, two by two in couples, one after another, while the piper was jogging on before, playing a little bit of a
 Tid-re-i, &c.

When Pat was asked, if his love wou'd last,
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O!

By my soul, says Pat, you may well say that,
To the end of the world and after, O!

When tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kisses her genteely, O!

While all in tune the merry pipes,
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

When the ceremony was over, and Father Quipes told the bride that she was no longer Miss Kitty O'Donovan, but she was Mrs. Paddy O'Rafferty, to be sure he did'nt take hold of her by the back of the neck, and gave her such a kiss, that when he took his lips away, you might have heard it all over the chapel: whilst the boys and girls, seeing so nate an example before them, all began—and the piper who was seated near the communion table, kept time with his—Tid-re-i, &c,

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,
So frolicksome and frisky, O!

Potatoes galore, a skirraig or more,

With a flowing madder of whiskey, O!

Then round to be sure did'nt go the swipes,

At the bride's expense so gaily. O?

And still, as they gluttoned, the merry pipes,

Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

For Pat, d'ye see, was resolved to do the thing in a jonteel way, so he ordered in three large bowls of pratoes, and a dish full of red herrings; and by the powers, the boys and girls were so hungry, that while they were mastificating the pratoes, their jaws went faster than the piper's elbow, who was seated in a corner playing a little bit of a—Tid-re-i, &c.

And then at night, O what delight;

To see them all capering and prancing, O!

An op'ra or ball was nothing at all,

Compared to the style of their dancing, O!

And then to see old Father Quip
 Beat time with his shelalagh, O!
 While the chanter with his merry pipes,
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

By the powers of mud, if he happened to put his thumb on the place where his little finger should be, to be sure Paddy didn't jump up from the throne of turf where he was sitting and gave him such a poult over the place where he took his snuff, that he knocked him clean into the mud—'There's a suit of brown for you,' says he, 'lie there you thief of the world, til! the cows come home: and let it learn you all the days of your life, and forever after, if you die to-morrow, that whenever you come to a gentleman's wedding, his funeral, or any such merry-making matter, not to be playing any of your damn'd cantibles, nothing more or less, than the neat little bit of a—Tid-re-i, &c.'

And now the knot so soaky are got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking, O!
 While bridemaids fair, so gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking, O!
 And then to be sure went round the swipes,
 At the bride's expense so freely, O!
 While to wish them good night the merry pipes,
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O!

So when the bride had determined to go to bed, Paddy took the candle and lit them all to the door, and Father Quipes, who had been putting too much whiskey to his water, insisted on dancing home with Miss Judy O'Dougharty; so the piper got his bags in order, and away they all went, capering to a neat little bit of a—Tid-re-i, &c.

Dibdin.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

Here we meet too soon to part,
 Here to leave will raise a smart,
 Here I'll press thee to my heart,
 Where none have place above thee;
 Here I'll vow to love thee well,
 Could but words unseal the spell,
 Had but language strength to tell,
 I'd say how much I love thee.
 Here we meet, &c.

Here the rose that decks thy door,
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
 Here the willow on the moor,
 The birds at rest above thee;
 Had they sight of life to see,
 Sense of soul like thee and me,
 Soon might each a witness be—
 How dotingly I love thee.
 Here we meet, &c. *T. Moore.*

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield;
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquests to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field. *Arne.*

For exercise, and air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find
 No sting leaves behind,
 But health and diversion unite. *Bickerstaff.*

MILK, MY PRETTY MAIDS, BELOW.

At dawn of day, when other folks
 In slumber drown their senses,
 We milkmen sing, and crack, and joke,
 Scale styles and such-like fences :
 But when from milking home we're bound,
 A sight more pleasing than a show,
 The rosy lasses greet the sound
 Of milk, my pretty maids, below.
 Milk my pretty maids, &c.

'Tis milkman here, and milkman there.
 Lord, how these wenches tease me !
 I'm coming, love, how much, my fair
 Cries I.—'There now be easy ;
 So what with toying now and then,
 And kissing, too, as on I go ;
 I scarce have time, like other men,
 To cry—" Milk, my pretty maids below."
 Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

Though twice a-day I pay my court
 To those that come to meet me,

I please them all, and that's your sort,
 There's none can ever beat me ;
 My walk I never will resign,
 A better one I don't know ;
 Of all the trades, let this be mine,
 Of milk, my pretty maids below.

Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

T. Dibdin.

PRIMROSES.

When Nature first salutes the spring,
 And fields all green appear,
 The feather'd tribe their matins sing
 And hail the verdant year ;
 Yet, though the country has its sweets,
 Unknown to those in town,
 'Tis sweet to hear in London streets,
 What's cried both up and down.

Two bunches a penny, primroses !
 Two bunches a penny !

Though winter may enrobe with snow
 Field, mountain, hill, and dale ;
 Throughout the world bid tempests blow,
 And icy chains prevail ;
 Yet spring will come, with smiling face,
 And spread its charms around,
 Give freedom to the wat'ry race,
 And wake the pleasing sound—
 Two bunches a penny, &c.

Thus winter must to spring give way,
 As seasons glide along;
 The rose-bud blossoms with the May,
 The lark resumes its song !
 And, though the country has its sweets,
 Unknown to those in town,
 Tis sweet to hear, in London streets,
 What's cry'd both up and down,
 Two bunches a penny, &c.

Upton.

SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

In the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The bright sunshine that softened the scene
 Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

Dudley.

TUTHEREE OO, AND TAN.

In Dundee there liv'd a carl, fu' blithe an' merry,
 In Dundee there liv'd a bonny carl ;

A scolding spongy was his lot,
Wha mugg'd hersel' and often got

Tutheree oo, and taji.

She led him a life that fu' wae and weary,
Till the carl he vow'd himsel' he'd hang;
And wou'd have don't, but thought him first,
Of ends, a rope's end was the worst.—

Tutheree oo, and tan.

This carl's wife she did na' play ber hubby fairly,
Else was Andrew Mackintosh belied,
She made her husband's heart ache through,
And then she made his head ache too.

Tutheree oo, and tan.

"Wife," said he, "of life I'ze tired, and will gang
drown me,"

She replied, 'gude wives ne'er contradict;'

"But should my spirit come," said he;

'Oh, I am spirit-proof,' said she.

Tutheree oo, and tan.

"At the pond," said he, "if my poor heart should
fail me,

Will you run behind, and push me in?"

Says she, 'a hard part 'tis to play,

But 'tis my duty to obey!'

Tutheree oo, and tan.

By a pond he stood, that was deep full a fathom,

On a hill stood she—the word he gave;

Down galloping she came, when he

Just stepp'd aside, and in popp'd she!

Tutheree oo, and tan.

C. Dibdin.

WHAT THO' 'TIS TRUE.

Air—"Fly not yet."

What tho' 'tis true I've talk'd of love,
 And other beauties idly strove,
 My heart to free from Mary's chain—
 Unbroke the golden links remain,

Entwined round ev'ry part :

For tho' another's charms I've praised,
 Those charms some fond rememb'rance rais'd ;
 Perhaps 'twas not her tresses flowing,
 Dimpled cheeks, or blushes glowing ;

Oh ! no—oh ! no,—

'Twas Mary's lip, 'twas Mary's eye,
 'Twas Mary's self that caused the sigh,
 And touch'd my conscious heart.

I own, betray'd by youth or wine,
 I've sworn a face or form divine ;
 Or when some witching syren sung,
 My yielding soul bewilder'd hung

Enraptur'd with her art ;

But soon the feeble spell was gone,
 Some faint resemblance rais'd alone ;
 Could tones less sweet or looks less smiling,
 Long delude my soul-beguiling :

Oh ! no—oh ! no,—

'Twas Mary's voice, 'twas Mary's glance,
 'Twas Mary's self that caus'd the trance,
 Still Mary rul'd my heart.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,

Where the meadow dew is sweet,

And I'm coming, and I'm coming,

With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,

O'er the rose and lily fair,

And I'm coming, and I'm coming,

With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,

Where the honey-suckle creeps,

And I'm coming, and I'm coming,

With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,

Over hill and over plain,

And I'm coming, and I'm coming,

To my bower back again.

 WATER MELON.

'Twas noon, and the reapers reposed on the bank,

Where our rural repast had been spread ;

Beside us meander'd the rill where we drank,

And the green willows wav'd over head.

Lucinda, the queen of our rustical treat,

With smiles like the season, auspicious,

Had render'd the scene and the banquet more sweet,

But, oh ! the desert was delicious.

A melon, the sweetest that loaded the vine,
 The kind-hearted damsel had brought ;
 Its crimson core teem'd with the richest of wine,
 " How much like her kisses !" I thought.
 And I said, as its nectarous juices I quaff'd,
 " How vain are the joys of the vicious,
 No tropical fruit ever furnish'd a draught,
 So innocent, pure, and delicious.

" In the seeds which embellish this red juicy core,
 An emblem of life we may view,
 For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er
 With specks of an ebony hue.
 But if we are wise to discard from the mind
 Every thought and affection that's vicious ;
 Like the seed-speckled core of the melon, we'll find
 Each innocent pleasure delicious." *S. Woodworth.*

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but he deserted.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c. *T. Moore.*

JESSIE.

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain,
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

Burns.

[Communicated.]

THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

Air.—“*Star Spangled Banner.*”

Thou favourite of Heaven, the hope of the brave,
 The noblest of patriots our country yet gave,
 Secure in our hearts, thou reignest alone,
 And shews to the world that Jackson's our own.

Then hail to the day, three cheers and huzza!

When Jackson shall hold over freemen the sway,
 And long may our country revere his great name,
 From the north to the south, from the lakes to the main.

Thy virtue's recorded on tablets of fame,
 Thy feats are remembered, thy glories remain;
 The Horse Shoe, Talapoosa, thy deeds from afar,
 And the achievements perform'd in the Seminole war,
 Have rais'd in our hearts a feeling divine,
 And the reward of the patriot and soldier are thine:
 And long may our country, &c.

Then here's a health to “Old Hickory,” the pride of
 the west,

And a toast to each hero, who *booty* repressed,
 Who *beauty* defended, and Britons made fly,
 And at Orleans proclaim'd, “we'll be free or we'll die;”

Then huzza, all huzza! 'tis the “land of the free,”

And the *Hero of Orleans* our chieftain shall be:

And long may our country, &c.

W. P. Smith

LOUD AND CHILL WAS THE BLAST.

Sung by Mr. Heyl.

Loud and chill was the blast, and the bright snow fell
fast,

On a maiden's fair bosom who travers'd the plain ;
And oft a sad tear, on her cheek pale with fear,
Fell in sorrow for him who in battle was slain.
Fell in sorrow for him, &c.

But the proud foe had fled, where her Henry had bled,
Still with conquest and love had he thought on her
charms ;

Amidst the wild storm, he beheld her fair form,
And he kiss'd her, and warm'd her to life in his arms.
And he kiss'd her, &c.

SCOTCH AIR.

Sung by Miss E. Jefferson.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha' to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think on Donald mair.
Oh ! who would buy a silken gown
With a poor broken heart,
And what's to me a siller crown,
If from my love I part ?
And ye shall walk, &c.

I would na walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair,

Gin he whose faith is pledg'd wi' mine
 Were wrang'd an' grieving sair.
 From infancy he lov'd me still,
 And still my heart shall prove
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,
 Which first repaid his love.
 I would na walk, &c.

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY?

Why does azure deck the sky?
 'Tis to be like thy eyes of blue;
 Why is red the rose's dye?
 Because it is thy blush's hue.
 All that's fair, by love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

 Why is falling snow so white,
 But to be like thy bosom fair?
 Why are solar beams so bright?
 That they may seem thy golden hair!
 All that's bright, by love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

 Why are nature's beauties felt?
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
 Why has music power to melt?
 Oh! because it speaks like thee!
 All that's sweet, by love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

T. Moore.

THE THORN.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn,
 No, by heav'ns, I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.
 Then I shew her the ring, and implor'd her to marry,
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn,
 "Yes I'll consent," she replied, "If you'll promise
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn."
 No, by heavens, I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.
 The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,

Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor :
 And many a deep print,
 On the white snow's tint,
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false lord came :
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

T. Moore.

THE MAID OF ARUTINA.

Forlorn among the Highland hills,
 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 'Mid rocky dens and wooden glens,
 With weary steps I wander.
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
 Sweet maid of Arutina.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just opening fresh and bonny,
 Blooms fresh beneath the hazel bough,
 And scarcely seen by ony ;
 But fairer 'mid her native dale,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeannie.
 More fair than day or rosy May
 The maid of Arutina.

High on the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean,
 Where avarice courts her bounden prow,
 Ambition courts promotion ;
 Let fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The maid of Arutina. *Tannahill,*

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing in the praise of old Ireland's isle,
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;
 For if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.
 That bottle more, &c.

At Candy's in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met :
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.
 One bottle more, &c.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman
 roar,
 And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.
 Six bottles more, &c.

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light:
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.
 Twelve bottles more, &c.

THE ROSE.

To a shady retreat fair Eliza I trac'd,
 Sweet flowers spread their fragrance around,
 She pluck'd from its bed a fond rose, and she plac'd
 In her bosom this flower, her fair image to grace:—
 She goddess of love might be crown'd.

I softly approach'd, and the rose thus address'd:

Thou sweetest of flowers that blows,
 How envied thy lot, above mortals how blest,
 Art thou thus on beauty's bosom caress'd,

Would fate had decreed me a rose. *T. Moore.*

COMIC SONG.

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,
 With wonders I've got in my travels;
 And first is a pig in a poke,
 Next a law-case without any cavils;

A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches ;
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,
 Flint waistcoat and pair of glass breeches.
 Tol de rol, &c.

A dimity warming-pan, new ;
 Steel night-cap and pair of lawn bellows ;
 A yard wide foot rule, and then two
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;
 Chima wheel-barrow, earthenware gig,
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,
 Besides a new velveret wig
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
 Tol de rol, &c.

A coal-scuttle trimm'd with Scotch gauze,
 Pickled crumpets and harricoed muffins ;
 Tallow stew-pan, nankeen chest of drawers,
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins ;
 Six knives and forks made of red tape,
 A patent wash-leather polony ;
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.
 Tol de rol, &c.

A plumb pudding made of inch deal,
 A pot of mahogany capers ;
 A gooseberry pie made of veal,
 And stuff'd with two three corner'd scrapers ;
 Sourerout sweeten'd well with small coal,
 A fricaseed carpenter's mallet ;
 A cast-iron toad in a hole,
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Air—" *Minstrel Boy.*"

The Sailor Boy from his home has gone—
 On his sea-beat deck you'll find him ;
 To a foreign clime he has glided on,
 And his dear friends left behind him.
 " Land I love !" said the Sailor Boy,
 " Though far upon the ocean,
 My heart for thee shall beat with joy—
 Thou art my soul's devotion."

The sea-breeze blew a fav'ring gale,
 The Sailor's heart still burning ;
 He gladly bent the glowing sail,
 And homeward was returning ;
 But the war-trump sounded o'er the deep,
 And death was howling round him :
 All broken was her peaceful sleep—
 Columbia's foes surround him !
 He boldly " drew his battle blade,"
 Nor fear'd a watery pillow ;
 Full many a foe in death he laid,
 Beneath the blood-stain'd billow !
 The Sailor fell ! but the foeman's hand
 Could not quell his soul of bravery.
 " I die !" he said, " but my native land,
 Oh ! thou art free from slavery."

A FLAXEN HEADED COW-BOY.

A flaxen headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea;

But now a saucy footman I strut in worsted lace,
 But soon I'll be a butler and wag my jolly face ;
 When steward I'm promoted I'll snip a tradesman's
 bill,

My master's coffers empty my pockets for to fill ;
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in my-
 self ;

Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose,
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my
 noes ;

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, I'll then sit down a
 peer ;

In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the lea.

O' Keeffe.

BARNEY LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE.

Judy leads me such a life ! *(repeat)*

The devil ne'er had such a wife ;
 What can the matter be ?

For, if I sing the funny song
 Of Dolly put the kettle on,
 She's mocking at me all day long ;
 What can the matter be ?

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone!
 Why don't you leave the girls alone,
 And let them quiet be?

Put the muffins down to roast,
 Blow the fire and make the toast:
 We'll all take tea.

Barney you're a wicked boy,
 And you do always play and toy
 With all the *gals* you see.

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone!
 Why don't you leave the girls alone,
 And let them quiet be?

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone!
 Why don't you leave the girls alone,
 And let them quiet be?

Barney rock the cradle, O!
 Or else you'll get the ladle O!
 When Judy harps to-day.

Spoken.—Barney, rock that cradle, or I'll break your pate with the ladle; yes, you dog, if you don't mind your P's and Q's, I'll comb your head with a three-legged stool. You see, the other afternoon I was ax'd out to take a comfortable dish of *four shilling shou-chong tea*, and I sat alongside of Miss Polly Spriggins; I saw she got quite smitten with my countenance—says she to me, Mr. Barney will you have a game of hunt the slipper? With all my heart, says I—then my wife bawled out, from the other end of the parlour,

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone,
 Why don't you leave the girls alone,
 And let them quiet be?

Judy she loves whiskey, O!
 She goes to uncle's shop at night,
 And spends an hour or two;
 Then, Barney, what must Barney do,
 But take a drop of whiskey too,
 And toast the girl that's kind and true,
 For that's the way with me.

Spoken.—Yes, that is the way we go, to be sure, and to say the truth on it, it is none of the pleasantest. You see I loves a good dinner, but somehow or other we don't get much in the week days, a pig's foot and a carrot, no great choice; but on Sunday we always have a shoulder of mutton stuck round with turnips—I like a piece of the brown, but my wife, she always tucks me off with the knuckle bone or the shoulder blade, or a piece of the dry flap, to the tune of

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone!

Why don't you leave the girls alone,
 And let them quiet be?

THE SOLDIER.

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
 And spends half a crown, out of sixpence a day;
 Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
 But pays all his debts, with the roll of his drums;
 With a row de dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
 He's provided with quarters, and money, and clothes,
 He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums;
 With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight ;
 No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum ;
 With a row de dow, &c. *O'Keefe*

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye gang, will ye gang, will ye
 gang,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye gang to the Birks of Aber-
 feldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye gang, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazel hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye gang, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'er hung wi' fragrant spreading shaw ,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye gang, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie hours,

And, rising, meets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye gang, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish from me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye gang, &c.

PRETTY DEARY.

Adown a green valley there liv'd an old maid,
Who being past sixty, her charms 'gan to fade—
She of waiting for husbands was weary.

She was monstrous rich, that for me was enough,
And sadly I wanted to finger the stuff,
So says I, will you marry me, deary?

Pretty deary, O la fal, &c.

Says she, you embarrass me, coming to woo,
And she tried how to blush, but she blush'd rather blue,
For her cheeks of the roses were weary.

Says she, I am told you're a sad little man,
And cheat all the dear pretty girls that you can ;
Says I, don't believe it, my deary.

Pretty deary, O la fal, &c.

He consented that I for the license should go,
When across her, meantime, came a tall Irish beau,
Who, like me, in pockets was peery.

Out of his calf's head, such a sheep's eye threw he,
That a queer little hop o' my thumb she call'd me,
And he diddled me out o' my deary.

Base deary ! O la fal, &c.

THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
 The wine is ruby bright,
 The reign of pleasure is restor'd,
 Of ease and gay delight ;
 The day is gone, the night's our own,
 Then let us feast the soul,
 If any pain, or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl,
 Why drown it in a bowl,
 If any pain, or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

This world, they say's a world of wo,
 But that I do deny ;
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
 Or pain from beauty's eye ?
 The wise are fools, with all their rules,
 When they would joy control ;
 If life's a pain, I say again,
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast, the poet sings,
 Then surely it is wise,
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 And seize him as he flies ;
 This night is ours, then strew with flowers
 The moments as they roll,
 If any pain, or care remain,
 Why drown it in a bowl.

Morris.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas Summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock where a river is flowing ;
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever ;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To fight for his country—for valiant is he ;
And ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
The lamb on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Home.

MARY.

When first I saw my Mary's face,
 I ken'd na weel what ail'd me,
 My heart gade flutterin', pittie pat,
 My een began to fail me.

She's ay sae genty, trig and neat,
 A grace does round her hover,
 Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart,
 And I became her lover.

She's ay sae bonny, blythe and gay,
 She's ay sae blythe and cheerie,
 She's ay sae bonny, blythe and gay,
 O gin I was her dearie.

Had I Dundas's hale estate,
 Or Hoptoun's pride to shine in,
 Did warlike laurels crown my head,
 Wi' safter bays entwinin',
 I'd lay them a' at Mary's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a squire or knight
 I'd be when Mary's lover.

She's ay sae bonnie, &c.

But O I'm fear'd some bonnier lad,
 Will gain my Mary's favour ;
 If sae, may ev'ry bliss be her's,
 Though I maun never ha' her :
 For gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Clyde all over,
 While men have ears, or eyes, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.

She's ay sae bonny, &c.

Burns.

CHERRY-CHEEK'D PATTY.

Down in you village I live so snug,
 They call me Giles the ploughman's boy ;
 Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,
 I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee, woo, Jerry.
 My work being done, to the lawn there I fly,
 Where the lads at the lasses all look very sly ;
 And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,
 But I know what I know, but I munna tell you :
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I e'er
 did see,

O, cherry-check'd Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy may'nt be
 As poor simple Giles the ploughman's boy ;
 No matters of state ever addle my pate,
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry.
 Now cherry-check'd Patty she lives in a vale,
 Whom I help'd o'er the stile with her milking pail ;
 And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true,
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you :
 But I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong, and willing to work,
 And when the lark rises, off' trudges I :
 The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,
 I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.
 Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,
 And a lad's not to be grinn'd at that's gotten so much.
 And when that I'm married to Patty so true,
 I know what I know, but I munna tell you.
 But I'll whistle, &c.

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

I'm a wild Irish boy, that is just come to town,
 To see this great city of fame and renown :
 One day, in my travels, I chanced for to stop
 In a thumping big field, and they called it George's
 Park.

Musha tu de I ah ! folderiddle rol de ri tu de I ah !

I had not been there long, till I chanc'd for to spy
 A crowd of stout boys, who were boxing hard by :
 Och ! says I, my dear honeys, leave off with your tricks,
 For its my country's fashion to box with two sticks.

Musha tu de I ah, &c.

Then a big-headed butcher, just standing hard-by,
 Says, hold your tongne, Pat, or I'll knock out your eye:
 For fear of my eyes, not a word could I speak,
 And the heart in my body I thought it would break.

Musha tu de I ah, &c.

Then looking around me, and trying to see
 Some stout Irish lad, from my own country,
 When one stepping up, put his hand on my back,
 And says, " rap at him Paddy M'Laughlan O'Whack."

Musha tu de I ah, &c.

Then I being put up, by the word of command,
 I seized my shillalah right tight in my hand ;
 Och ! the first poke I gave him, 'twas over the head,
 You'd thought, in your soul, he'd been seven years dead.

Musha tu de I ah, &c.

In less than ten minutes, we clear'd the whole green,
 And the devil a dandy was there to be seen :

“Och !” says one to the other, “why don’t you run quick,
 Don’t you see the wild Irishman with his big stick.”
 Musha tu de I ah, &c.

And now I’m noted all over the city,
 For I’ve flogg’d all the bullies, and think it no pity ;
 Neither wife, maid, or widow, will e’er turn her back,
 When she hears the soft name of M’Laughlan O’Whack.
 Musha tu de I ah, &c.

TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
 As brave a tar as ever sail’d ;
 The duties ablest seamen do
 Tom did, and never yet had fail’d.
 But, wreck’d as he was homeward bound,
 Within a league of England’s coast,
 Love saved him sure from being drown’d,
 For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;
 Nay, when he lost an arm, resign’d,
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had saved his life, and Fate was kind :
 And now, though wreck’d, yet Tom return’d,
 Of all past dangers made a joke ;
 For still his manly bosom burn’d
 With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restored, Tom nobly ran
 To cheer his Nan, his destined bride ;

But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before, that Tom had died.
 With grief she daily pined away,
 No remedy her life could save ;
 And Tom return'd—the very day
 They laid his Nancy in the grave. *T. Knight.*

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Dear is my little native vale !
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there :
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager ;
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurels weave
 For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet dance in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale. *Rogers.*

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance a Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c,

Her face sae fair, her ecn sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she forever left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c. *Mrs. Grant.*

THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain,
And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the grove ;
And sweet is the breeze that blows over the mountain,
But sweeter by far is the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave a gay garland,
A fresh blooming garland,
With lilies and roses,
And sweet blooming posies,
To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.

was down in the vale, where the sweet Torza gliding?
Its murmuring stream ripples thro' the dark grove,

I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,
To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave, &c.

T. Hook.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret,
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way.

Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
'The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles a-dorn the west.

Life let us cherish, &c.

'The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's rest,
'The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful heart life's conflicts meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let us cherish, &c.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
 Oh ! the last ray of feeling and life shall depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best ;
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

T. Moore.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O ! Logie of Buchan, O ! Logie the laird,
 They have ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
 Who play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae sma',
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

He said, think na lang lassie, though I gang awa,
 He said, think na lang lassie, though I gang awa,
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousin, has gear, and has kye :
 A house, and a hadden, and siller for by,
 But I'd tak' min ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my mither looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor,
 Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
 They're na half so dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And I think on the laddie that loed me sae weel,
 He had but a sixpense, he brake it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't when he ga'd awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
 Simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

Burns.

THE HARP.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er ;
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more the chiefs and ladies bright,
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

T. Moore.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane ;
 How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
 Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blyth as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
 An' far be the villian divested o' feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-
 blane ;
 Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Is charming young Jessie, &c.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,
 'The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till [charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dum-
 blane ;

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Tannahill.

THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart
 Our brave commander's story,
 With ardent zeal, his youthful heart
 Swell'd high for naval glory,
 Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
 For bold adventure eager,
 When first a little cabin boy on board of the Fame,
 He would hold on the jigger.
 While ten jolly tars, with the musical Joe,
 Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, yeo, heave yeo.

To hand top-ga'nt sails next he learnt,
 With quickness, care and spirit,
 Whose generous master soon discern'd,
 And priz'd his dawning merit :
 He taught him soon to reef and steer,
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion.

For none to the pilot e'er answered like he,
 When he gave the command, "Hard a-port, helm's a-
 lee."

For valour, skill and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated,
 And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post-captain he is rated ;
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still, boldly he'd defend her—
 When blest with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender.

Unaw'd yet mild, to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe—
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health—
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they must go,
 Who always are ready compassion to show,
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

Dibdin.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Air.—“Humours of Glen.”

When the black letter'd list to the gods was presented,
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
 And slipp'd in three blessings, wife, children and
 friends.

In'vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
 And justice divine could not compass her ends,

The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and
friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands rested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills, which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and
friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
When duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy hour with wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers,
How blest was his home with wife, children, and
friends.

Tho' the spice-breathing gale o'er his caravan hovers,
Though around him Arabia's whole fragrance de-
scends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbine that covers
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and
friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded with sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and
friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel that o'er her fair favourites bends,
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song growing graver and graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends ;

Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
 flavour

The glass that we fill to wife, children, and friends.

Spencer.

LIBERTY TREE.

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,

The goddess of Liberty came ;

Ten thousand celestials directed the way,

And hither conducted the dame.

A fair budding branch from the gardens above,

Where millions with millions agree,

She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,

The plant she nam'd Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,

Like a native it flourish'd and bore ;

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,

To seek out its peaceable shore.

Unmindful of titles, or distinctions, they came,

For freemen like brothers agree ;

With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,

And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
 Their bread in contentment they eat;
 Unvex'd with the troubles of silver and gold,
 The cares of the grand and the great ;
 With timber and tar they old England supplied,
 And supported her power on the sea ;
 Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
 For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane)
 How all the tyrannical powers,
 Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
 To cut down this guardian of ours :
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Thro' the land let the sound of it flee ;
 Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our Liberty Tree. *T. Patne.*

ALKNOMOOK.

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when the light fades away ;
 Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low ;
 Why so slow ! do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
 No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away,

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And thy son, oh ! Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.
Hunter.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only Jo and dearie O,
Thy neck is like the siller dew,
Upon the bank sae brierie O,
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee'
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only Jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie O ;
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only Jo and dearie O.

When we were barnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin bonnie O,
Aft we wad daff the lelang day,
Our joy fu' sweet and monie O,

I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,
To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave, &c.

T. Hook.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret,
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way.
Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles a-dorn the west.
Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's rest,
'The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful heart life's conflicts meet,
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THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
 Oh ! the last ray of feeling and life shall depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
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 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best ;
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And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

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 Who play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae sma',
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 He said, think na lang lassie, though I gang awa,
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 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
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 While ten jolly tars, with the musical Joe,
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To hand top-ga'nt sails next he learnt,
 With quickness, care and spirit,
 Whose generous master soon discern'd,
 And priz'd his dawning merit :
 He taught him soon to reef and steer,
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion.

For none to the pilot e'er answered like he,
 When he gave the command, "Hard a-port, helm's a-
 lee."

For valour, skill and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated,
 And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post-captain he is rated ;
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still, boldly he'd defend her—
 When blest with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender.

Unaw'd yet mild, to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe—
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health—
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they must go,
 Who always are ready compassion to show,
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

Diddla.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Air.—"*Humours of Glen.*"

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With transport would barter whole ages of glory
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The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers,
How blest was his home with wife, children, and
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Though around him Arabia's whole fragrance de-
scends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbine that covers
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and
friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded with sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and
friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel that o'er her fair favourites bends,
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song growing graver and graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends ;

Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
 flavour

The glass that we fill to wife, children, and friends.

Spencer.

LIBERTY TREE.

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,

The goddess of Liberty came ;

Ten thousand celestials directed the way,

And hither conducted the dame.

A fair budding branch from the gardens above,

Where millions with millions agree,

She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,

The plant she nam'd Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,

Like a native it flourish'd and bore ;

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,

To seek out its peaceable shore.

Unmindful of titles, or distinctions, they came,

For freemen like brothers agree ;

With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,

And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
 Their bread in contentment they eat;
 Unvex'd with the troubles of silver and gold,
 The cares of the grand and the great;
 With timber and tar they old England supplied,
 And supported her power on the sea;
 Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
 For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane)
 How all the tyrannical powers,
 Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
 To cut down this guardian of ours:
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Thro' the land let the sound of it flee;
 Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our Liberty Tree. *T. Patne.*

ALKNOMOOK.

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when the light fades away;
 Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
 Why so slow! do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
 No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away,

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain ;
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
 Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
 And thy son, oh ! Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.
Hunter.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only Jo and dearie O,
 Thy neck is like the siller dew,
 Upon the bank sae brierie O,
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee'
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only Jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet,
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only Jo and dearie O.

When we were barnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin bonnie O,
 Aft we wad daff the lelang day,
 Our joy fu' sweet and monie O,

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
 An' round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
 My only Jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O,
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me O ;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only Jo and dearie O.

Burns

OH! WHY SHOULD THE GIRL, &c.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears,
 At a meeting of rapture like this,
 When the gloom of the past and the sorrows of years
 Have been paid by the moment of bliss.

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
 Which dwells on her memory yet ;
 Do they flow like the dews of the love breathing night,
 From the warmth of the sun that has set.

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
 That smile which is loveliest then ;
 And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
 Thou shalt weep them again and again. *T. Moore.*

MY SOLDIER LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

Leeze me on my soldier love,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie,
 Brave as lion, kind as dove,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.
 Should he fall in battle strife—
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie,
 None beside shall call me wife,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie,
 But if glorious from the wars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie,
 Proud will I be of his scars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.
 By the sparkle of his e'e,—
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie,
 None, I ken he loves but me,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' through the Rye,
 If a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say have I,
 But all the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye :

Amang the train there is a swain,
 The lad I loe sae well,
 But where's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna choose to tell.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 If a body kiss a body
 Need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say have I,
 But all the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye:
 Amang the train, &c.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' through the glen,
 If a body kiss a body
 Need the world a ken?
 Ilka jenny has her Jocky,
 Nane they say have I,
 But all the lads they smile on me,
 Then what the waur am I?
 Amang the train, &c.

WILLIAM TELL.

Sung by Mr. Heyl.

When William Tell was doom'd to die,
 Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
 The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
 And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!

The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd ;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell ! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—" he dies ! he dies !"
When lo ! the lofty trumpet sounds !
The mark is hit ! the child is free !
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty !
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell ! the hero of the lakes.

NEW SONG.

As sung by Mr. Heyl.

With martial step, the soldiers come,
To raise recruits, by beat of drum ;
Whilst o'er a mug of nut brown ale,
The sergeant tells the merry tale.

The country boobies gape and stare,
 And fancy castles built in air :
 Whilst every maid who hears the fife,
 Aspires to be a soldier's wife.

Cries Giles, half muzzy, " Ned, I vow
 I never more will drive the plough"—
 ' Come, here's to our country !' the sergeant cries
 Then round the board the liquor flies !
 The silken purse of gold he shakes,
 A certain bait for country cakes—
 Whilst every maid, &c.

Having of drink and sleep their fill,
 The new recruits turn out to drill,
 The cockade monstrous fine appears,
 But then, the sword awakes their fears.
 At length the drum each bumpkin moves,
 The hamlet quite deserted proves.
 Since every maid, &c.

THE TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.

With my pipe in one hand and my jug in the other,
 I'll drink to my neighbour and friend :
 All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
 Since my life I know shortly must end.
 While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow ;
 In my old wicker chair, I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

'll ne'er trouble my head with affairs of the nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind ;
 All we see in this life is but care and vexation,
 For to death we must all be consign'd ;
 Then we'll laugh, drink and sing, and leave nothing
 to pay,
 Then drop, like a pear ripe and mellow ;
 and when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
 He is gone—what a hearty good fellow.

TALLY HO.

The sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field ;
 Rank and kind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield ;
 His lordship, his worship, his honor, his grace,
 A hunting continually go ;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With, hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first in morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the common full speed ;
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
 The poet too often lies low,
 Tho' mounted on pegasus, flies after fame,
 With, hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we speed,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,

How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down !
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With, hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

OLD COMMODORE.

Odds blood ! what a time for a seaman to skulk
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore ;
 What a curs'd bad job, that this batter'd old hulk,
 Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more ;
 For the puppies as they pass,
 Cocking up a squinting glass,
 Thus run down the old commodore :
 That's the old commodore,
 The rum old commodore,
 The gouty old commodore, he !
 Why the bullets and the gout,
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 But the Doctor's a lubberly bore !
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old commodore ;

Bad case, commodore,
 Can't say, commodore,
 Mus'n't flatter, commodore, says he,
 For the bullets and the gout,
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What ! no more be afloat ; blood and fury—they lie !
 I'm a seaman and only three-score ;
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadzooks, let me not die ashore.
 As to death 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says the old commodore,
 The rum old commodore,
 The tough old commodore,
 The fighting old commodore—he !
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the doctor's dregs to boot,
 Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

The flowers of the forest in spring-time were gay,
 And love heighten'd every soft pleasure of May ;
 My Mary stray'd with me wherever I went,
 And my heart was the mansion of peace and content.
 But alas ! she has left me for pastimes more gay,
 And the flowers of the forest all wither away.
 The flowers of the forest in spring-time were gay,
 And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day ;

But past are those pleasures, no more to return,
Her charms I adore and her falsehood I mourn ;
For alas ! she has left me, &c.

The flowers of the forest in spring-time were gay,
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass'd a-
way :

Fine hopes which I caught from the glance of her eye,
Now blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and die ;
For alas ! she has left me, &c.

OH ! WHAT A ROW.

OH ! what a row ! what a rumpus and a rioting,
All those endure, you may be sure, that go to sea.
A ship is a thing that you never can be quiet in
By wind or steam it's all the same, 'twas so with me.
Wife and daughter, on the water said they'd like to
sail a bit,
I consented, soon repented, then began to rail a bit ;
" Pa ! now pray ! go to day, the weather's so inviting,
lauk,
I'm sure 'twill do such good to you, they'll feed you
like a fighting cock.
Oh ! what a row, &c.

In a boat, I got afloat, as clumsy as an elephant,
So spruce and gay to spend the day, and make a splash ;
Gad ! its true, I did it too, for stepping in, I fell off on't,
And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash.
Wife squalling, daughter bawling, every thing provok-
ing me,

Called "a hog, a poodle dog," all the sailors joking me,
Dripping wet, and in a fret, with many more distress-
ables,

A fellow took the long boat-hook, and caught my in-
expressibles.

Oh ! what a row, &c.

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited,
Laugh'd at by the passengers, and quizz'd by the crew ;
Raved and swore, that on the shore I rather had been
gibbeted—

Than thus, half drown'd, by all around, be roasted too.
Danger past, and dry at last, indulging curiosity,
I stared to see, the vessel flee, with such a strang ve-
locity ;

" Pray," said I, to one just by, " What power can im-
pel us so?"

" The smoky devil goes by steam, at least the lubbers
tell us so."

Oh! what a row, &c.

Not a sail, to catch a gale, yet magically on I went,
'Gainst wind and tide, and all beside, in wonder quite ;
Cast my eye up to the sky, and tall as Trinity's monu-
ment

I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.
People toiling, roasting, boiling, bless us such a rookery,
They'd soup and fish, and fowl and flesh, and Niblo's
tavern cookery ;

Then the noise of men and boys ! a din to rival hell's
hubbub,

I thought the crew were devil's all, the master captain
Beelzebub.

Oh ! what a row, &c.

Wife to me, says—says she, “ now's your time to pick a
bit,

The dinner's serving up below—and we must fly.”

Says I, “ my dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be sick
a bit,

“ I'm seized with an all-over-ness, I faint, I die !

“ I cannot eat, I loath my meat, I feel my stomach fail-
ing me,

“ Steward hasten, bring a bason, what the deuce is ail-
ing me,

“ If its handy, get some brandy,” the malady to quench
unable,

Down I lay, for half a day—in pickle quite unmention-
able.

Oh ! what a row, &c.

As to dinner, I'm a sinner if I touch'd a bit of it,
But anchor cast, and home at last, I'm safe once more,
In the packet, such a racket, crowding to get quit of it,
Like cattle from a coaster, we were haul'd on shore.

With “ how d'ye do,” and how are you—I see you're
better physically ;

“ Zounds, be still, I'm very ill, your're always talking
quizically ;

“ Some with glee, may go to sea, but I shall not be wil-
ling, sir,

“ For such a day again to pay, just two pounds fifteen
shillings, sir.”

Oh ! what a row, &c.

THE PRIDE OF THE VALLEY.

The pride of the valley is lovely young Ellen,
 Who dwells in a cottage enshrined by a thicket,
 Sweet peace and content are the wealth of her dwelling,

And truth is the porter that waits at the wicket.
 The zephyr that lingers on violet down pinion,
 With springs blushing honors delighted to dally,
 Ne'er breathed on a blossom in Flora's dominion,
 So lovely as Ellen, the pride of the valley.

She's true to her Willie, and kind to her mother,
 Nor riches, nor honors, can tempt her from duty,
 Content with her station, she sighs for no other,
 Though fortunes and titles have knelt to her beauty.
 To one her affections and promise are blighted,
 Our ages are square, our tempers will tally,
 O moment of rapture that sees one united
 To lovely young Ellen, the pride of the valley.

Woodworth.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Let Turks triumph, let tyrants reign,
 Let poets sing in lofty strain ;
 Let Turks take wives ; let priests live single,
 But my delight is the farmer's ingle.

The farmer's ingle is the place
 Where beauty shines in ev'ry face ;
 My wishes were and are to mingle,
 With honest hearts at the farmer's ingle.

Success to trade is the merchant's toast,
 While Liberty is our country's boast :
 The miser doth his money jingle,
 Yet my delight is the farmer's ingle.

In winter, when the frost and snow
 Drives the poor farmer to his home,
 Your heart wou'd ache, your ears wou'd tinkle,
 To hear the tales of the farmer's ingle.

The sailor boldly ploughs the main,
 The soldier talks of heaps of slain,
 But as for us we'll ne'er live single—
 Then a bumper fill to the farmer's ingle.



THE FLOWER GIRL.

Forbid it, kind Heaven, that my parents should sigh,
 While I can sell flowers in the street ;
 My poor little sister too surely would die,
 Did I cease to procure them some meat.
 Then buy my sweet flowers, and shield us from
 sorrow,
 What I earn to-day we must live on to-morrow.

Ah ! had not my father been killed in the war,
 And left us both friendless and poor,
 I should not thus wander with flowers so far,
 And cry them at every door.
 Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

My mother, alas ! since my father is dead,
Is almost deprived of her sight,
And I, for my sister and her to get bread,
Cull flowers as soon as 'tis light.
Then buy my sweet flowers, &c.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that, there,
It would not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me :
Since then, it grows, and looks and smells,
Not for itself, but thee.

MARY.

Mary I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e're I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.

How few have ever lov'd like me,
 Oh ! I have lov'd thee too sincerely !
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
 Alas ! deceiv'd me too severely !

Fare thee well, yet think a while
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee, than live without thee !

Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
 For see, distracting woman ! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken !
 Fare thee well !

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too :
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 Hadst thou been like them untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.

One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long and endless year,
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam ;
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds ! *T. Moore.*

ODE TO FREEDOM.

When Freedom midst the battle storm
Her weary head reclined ;
And round her fair majestic form,
Oppression fain had twined ;

Amidst the din—beneath the cloud,
Great Washington appeared ;
With daring hand rolled back the shroud,
And thus the sufferer cheered !

Spurn, spurn despair ! be great, be free !
With giant strength arise !
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,
Thy flag plant in the skies !
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
Let stars thy banner gem ;
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
Wear Victory's diadem.

Go tell the world, a world is born,
Another orb gives light ;
Another sun illumines the morn,
Another star the night ;
Be just, be brave !—and let thy name
Henceforth Columbia be ;
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of Fame,
The wreath of Liberty !

He said—and lo, the stars of night
Forth to her banner flew ;
And morn with pencil dipt in light,
The blushes on it drew ;
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
All gloriously unfurled :
Soared with it to his native skies,
And waved it o'er the world.

Coffin.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep !
'Tis where you've seldom been ;
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love ;
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green :
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,

Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love ;
 For see the rosy May draws nigh :
 She claims a virgin queen :
 And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For, though your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But, when they learn that you have bless'd
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

Sheridan.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good natured fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow ;

Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
 No better e'er sat on a coach box-to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean and no mothers or nurses
 Took more care of their babes than he took of his
 horses :

He had these, ay, and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of tipping could ne'er be got o'er.

So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water ;
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case,
 Had you drank as he does you'd have kept a good
 place.

Drink water ! cried William : had all men done so,
 You'd never have wanted a coachman I trow.
 They're soakers like me, whom you load with re-
 proaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

FROM NIGHT 'TILL MORN.

From night 'till morn I take my glass,
 · In hopes to forget my Chloë ;
 But, as I take the pleasing draught,
 She's ne'ertheless before me.

Ah ! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
 The pain I endure for my Chloë.

To wine I flew to ease the pain
 Her beauteous charms created ;
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated.

Ah ! no, no, no, &c.

OH ! THOU WERT BORN.

Oh ! thou wert born to please me,
 My life, my only love ;
 Through all the world I'll praise thee,
 My shepherd of the grove.

Thus happy, never jealous,
 Dear idol of my heart,
 Can any harm assail us,
 My life, my only love !

Feel how my heart is beating,
 My rural queen of love !
 My pulse of life retreating,
 Our bliss shall constant prove.

Thus love sweet poison, drinking,
 Dear idol of my heart,
 While on thy bosom sinking,
 My life, my only love.

 LOVE'S A TYRANT.

That love's a tyrant I can prove,
 For I alas ! am now its slave ;
 Yet glad would I those chains remove,
 And fearless all his mandates brave.
 For the urchin will vex me,
 Torment and perplex me,
 And, ah ! 'tis useless to complain.
 Though love is teasing,
 'Tis also pleasing,
 And pleasure yields as well as pain.

Amelia daily grows more fair,
 Yet still she does not kinder prove ;
 I sigh and pine, and, in despair,
 Resolve to think no more of love.
 For the urchin, &c.

VARIETY.

Ask me who is singing here,
 Who so blight can thus appear ?
 I am the child of joy and glee,
 And my names Variety.
 Ne'er have I a clouded face,
 Swift I change from place to place,
 Ever wandering ever free,
 Such am I Variety.

Like the bird that skims the air,
 Here and there and every where,
 Sip my pleasure like the bee,
 Nothing's like Variety.

Love, sweet passion warms my breast,
 Roving love but breaks the rest !
 One good heart's enough for me,
 Though my name's Variety.

Clouded scenes and lonely groves,
 Each by turn I do approve—
 Follow, follow, follow me,
 Friends of life, Variety,
 Follow, follow, follow me,
 Friends of life, Variety.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas past meridian half past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted,
 At six she linger'd on the shore,
 With uplift hands and broken-hearted ;
 At seven, while taught'ning the fore-stay,
 I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy ;
 At eight we all got under way,
 And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung ;
 When careless sailors ever cheery,
 On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
 With tempers labour cannot weary ;
 I little to their mirth inclin'd,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 Look'd on the moon and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 When ev'ry true bred tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog all hands delight
 To toast their sweet-hearts and their spouses.
 Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 At six the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me and three poor sailors more,
 Headlong into the foaming ocean ;

Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves,
 To me, it may be only fancy,
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves,
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 And winds and wave had ceas'd to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appear'd,
 And, dauntless we prepar'd for battle ;
 And now while some lov'd friend or wife,
 Like light'ning rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life,
 Put up a prayer and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 The crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three A. M. discover'd day,
 And England's chalky cliffs together,
 At seven up channel, now we bore,
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
 At twelve I gaily jump'd onshore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

I WONT BE A NUN.

Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I,
 Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away and die ;
 But I won't be a nun—no, I won't be a nun—
 I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done,
 But my mother often tells me that I must be a nun.
 But I won't be a nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, it would not do for me,
 For I like to go a shopping, and to see what I can see.
 So I won't be a nun, &c.

I love to hear men flattering—love fashionable clothes,
 I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beaux.
 So I can't be a nun, &c.

So mother don't be angry now, but let your daughter be,
 For the nuns would not like to have a novice wild as me.
 And I can't be a nun—no, I won't be a nun,
 I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

THE TOAST.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 Likewise to her that has none, sir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
 And to her that has only but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of wo,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be thin,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller,
 Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop ;
 Wand'ring drearily, and sad unraveller,
 Of the maze towards the mountain's top.
 Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop—
 Oh ! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Treads the maze towards the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly to think on't more,
 Blithe and jolly he the can holds fast by,
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door ;
 Eating, quaffing, at past labour laughing,
 Better far by half in spirits than before—
 Oh ! how merrily the rested traveller
 Sings while sitting at the goatherd's door.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art, shall seem Erin to me :

In exile, thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes be my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes ;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One cord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

T. Moore.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle !

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas ! for me nae mair,
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile ;
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle !

Burns.

SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
 To quit each object of my infant care ;
 Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
 And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear :
 Ah ! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here !
 And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender care.
 Ah ! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking heart.

 THE DAY RETURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet ;
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er simmer sun was hauf sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes ;
 Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee and thee alone I live.

When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

SALLY ROY.

Fair Sally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley ;
 She lost her lover, and she died—
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally,
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hope of Sally Roy,
 Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war, in yonder valley,
 He rush'd his martial power to prove,
 While, faint with fear, sunk lovely Sally ?
 At noon she saw the youth depart ;
 At eve she lost her darling joy—
 Ere night the last throb of her heart,
 Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train, in tears are seen,
 While yellow moon-light fills the valley,
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally.
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
 Which weans each feeling heart from joy ;
 The mournful dirge, ascending high,
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy !

Rannie.

THE GARDEN-GATE.

The day was spent, the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight,
When Mary hastened with delight,
Unto the garden gate.

But none was there, which made her sad,
The gate was there but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,
Was any poor girl so sad as I.

But none was there, &c.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er,
The village clock struck nine,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,
You shan't, you shan't, be mine,
You promis'd to meet me here at eight,
You shan't deceive or make me wait,
For I'll let all such creatures see,
You ne'er shall make a fool of me,
For you promised, &c.

She paced the garden o'er and o'er,
The village clock struck ten,
When William caught her in his arms,
Never to part again,
For he'd been to buy the ring that day,
Oh! he had been such a long long way.
O! how could Mary so cruel prove,
To banish the lad she so dearly loved.
For he had been to buy, &c.

Now when the morning bells did ring,
 To church they went straightway,
 And all the villagers did sing,
 Upon that happy day.
 Now in a cot by the river side,
 Young William and Mary do reside.
 And she blesses the hour that she did wait,
 For her true love at the garden gate.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they call'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stone a clue wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :

She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder :
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingie sits,
 An wi' her loof her face a washing ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

Burns.

MASONIC SONG.

All hail to the morning
 That bids us rejoice ;
 The temple's completed,
 Exalt high each voice ;
 The cap-stone is finish'd,
 Our labour is o'er ;
 The sound of the gravel
 Shall hail us no more.

To the power Almighty, who ever has guided
 The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame,
 To him who hath govern'd our hearts undivided,
 Let's send forth our voices, to praise his great name.

Companions, assemble
 On this joyful day,
 (Th' occasion is glorious)
 The key-stone to lay ;
 Fulfill'd is the promise,
By the Ancient of Days,

To bring forth the cap-stone,
 With shouting and praise.
 There's no more occasion for level or plumb line,
 For trowel or gravel, for compass or square ;
 Our works are completed, the Ark safely seated,
 And ye shall be greeted as workman most rare.

Now those that are worthy,
 Our toils who have shar'd,
 And prov'd themselves faithful,
 Shall meet their reward.

Their virtue and knowledge,
 Industry and skill,
 Have your approbation,
 Have gain'd your good will.

We accept and receive the Most Excellent Masters,
 Invested with honours, and power to preside ;
 Among worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
 The knowledge of masons to spread far and wide.

Almighty Jehovah,
 Descend now, and fill
 This lodge with thy glory,
 Our hearts with good will !
 Preside at our meetings,
 Assist us to find
 True pleasure in teaching
 Good will to mankind.

Thy wisdom inspired the great institution,
 Thy strength shall support it, till nature expire ;
 And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
 Its beauty shall rise through the midst of the fire !

Webb.

BUY A BROOM.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

Pretty Lady, Pretty Gentleman,
 From mine Vaterland I do bring
 De littel broom so new, so bran,
 And buy a broom? I sing.

Buy a broom.

Pretty littel broom is of much use,
 When your lover go astray,
 Should de fond one evar you abuse,
 You den whip him away,

Wid de broom.

I once had a sworn true lover,
 But he soon false prove to me,
 So I cross'd dat big see over,
 Hoping truer friends to see,

Den buy my broom?

Knight.

LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE BOY.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

Love was once a little boy, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho;
 Then with him 'twas sweet to toy, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho;
 He was then so innocent,
 Not as now on mischief bent,
 Free he came and harmless went,

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Love is now a little man, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho,
 And a very saucy one, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho ;
 He walks so stiff and looks so smart,
 As if he own'd each maiden's heart,
 I wish he felt his own keen dart,
 Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

Love will soon be growing old, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho ;
 Half his life's already told, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho ;
 When he's dead and buried too,
 What shall we poor maidens do,
 I'm sure I cannot tell, can you,
 Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

SHALL I THOSE BEAUTIES PRIZE.

Duett—Mrs. Knight and Mr. Povey.

Shall I those beauties prize,
 That I can ne'er obtain ;
 Or love those sparkling eyes,
 That glance to give me pain,
 Ah no, it will not grieve me,
 To lose so false a heart ;
 Forget thy love and leave me,
 For ever let us part.

Say can a maid confide,
 In such a haughty youth,
 Who owns a husband's pride,
 Without a lover's truth ;

Ah no, it will not grieve me,
 To lose so false a heart,
 Forget thy love and leave me,
 For ever let us part.

Go thou to him who'll share
 His wealthy store with thee,
 And thou to some lov'd fair,
 An humble suitor be.

LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

Sung by Mr. Povey.

Let fame sound the trumpet and cry to the war,
 Let glory, let glory re-echo the strain,
 The full tide of honor may fall from the scar,
 And heroes may smile, may smile on their pain.
 The treasure of autumn let Bacchus display,
 And stagger about with his bowl,
 On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,
 And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
 Each virtue, each joy to improve,
 Ah! give me the friends that I know to be true,
 And the fair that I tenderly love.
 What's glory but pride, a vain bubble is fame,
 And riot, the pleasure of wine,
 What's riches but trouble, and title's a name,
 But friendship and love are divine.

O SOFTLY SLEEP MY BABY BOY.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

O softly sleep my baby boy, rock'd by the mountain
wind,

Thou dream'st not of a Lover false, nor of a world
unkind.

O sweetly sleep my baby boy, thy Mother guards thy
rest,

Thy fairy clasp, my little Joy, shall soothe her aching
breast.

Wake, wake and smile my baby boy, my heavy heart to
cheer,

The Wintry blast howls on the hill, the leaf grows red
and sear.

Oh, tell me, tell me, baby boy, how shall I bear thy cry.
When hunger gnaws thy little heart, and death light
on thine eye?

Oh, was it meet my baby boy,

That thou such wiewd should'st dree,

Kind Heaven forgive thy father false,

His wrongs to thee and me.

THE LAD THAT I LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

The lad that I love no Lassie shall know oh ; oh ;

The path that he treads to no one I'll show, oh ; oh ;

His heart is all truth when ever we meet,

Then why should new faces e'er teach him deceit,

Oh ; no, I'll keep him and cherish him so, oh ; oh ;
 That beauty herself sha'n't tempt him to go, oh ; oh ;
 The church is hard by, I very well know, oh ; oh ;
 He show'd me the door and press'd my hand so, oh ; oh ;
 Love, honor, obey, are the words to be said,
 And I'll say 'em and keep 'em whenever I wed,
 That is, if I marry the man that I know, oh ; oh ;
 If not poor soul I shall bother him so, oh ; oh ;
 My fortune's my face which I hope I may show, oh ; oh ;
 'Tis honest and that is a treasure I know, oh ; oh ;
 This poor little hand is all I can give,
 And where I once pledge it, it ever shall live,
 For the Heart's in the hand I mean to bestow, oh ; oh ;
 And *Hands* are the gifts which make the heart glow,
 oh ; oh.

NO JOY WITHOUT MY LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Povey.

If not with thee I'm blest,
 In vain I twine the bow'r,
 If not to deck thy breast,
 In vain I wreath the flow'r,
 Such scenes as these no joys can prove,
 On earth no joy, no joy without my love.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 The warblers trill their lay ;
 The verdant fields bedeck'd appear,
 With all the sweets of May ;
 Such scenes as these no joys can prove,
 On earth no joy, no joy without my love.

AID ME YE PITYING POWERS.

Sung by Mrs. Knight.

Aid me ye pitying powers, affection here subdue,
And in his faithless heart the flame of love renew.

My soul with sorrow laden,
Repose must seek in vain ;
Ah ! ne'er let simple maiden
Believe in man again:
They sigh but to decieve us,
They woo but to torment,
And when we love, they leave us,
Our folly to repent;
Their vow's are all pretended,
The youthful heart to gain,
But when the charm is ended,
The victim they disdain.

DEAR MAID I LOVE THEE.

Duett—Mrs. Knight and Mr. Povey.

Dear maid by ev'ry hope of bliss,
By love's first pledge the virgin kiss,
By Heaven and Earth I love thee ;
For ever in this heart shall dwell
The lovely form whose charms compel
This fault'ring tongue to softly tell,
How much dear maid I love thee.
Tho' time or place should intervenc,
Still time that changes ev'ry scene,
Would make me still more love thee,

Tho' far apart as pole from pole,
 I still should feel thy lov'd control,
 While my devoted constant soul
 Would but exist to love thee,
 While my devoted constant soul
 Would but exist to love thee.

WITH HELMET ON HIS BROW.

Sung by Mr. Povey.

With **Helmet** on his brow, and sabre on his thigh,
 The soldier mounts his gallant steed to conquer or to
 die :

His plume like a pennon streams on the wanton sum-
 mer wind,

In the path of glory still that white plume shalt thou
 find;

Then let the trumpet's blast, to the brazen drum reply,
 "A Soldier must with honor live, or at once with honor
 die."

As bright as his own good sword, a soldier's fame must
 be,

And pure as the plume that floats above his helm, so
 white and free,

No fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that
 shame may throw

One spot upon that blade so bright, one stain on that
 plume of snow ;

Then let the trumpet's blast, to the brazen drum reply,
 "A soldier must with honor live, or at once with honor
 die."

O GREEN WERE THE GROVES.

Sung by Mr. Povey.

O, green are the groves where with Rosa I stray'd,
 And bright are the hills all around,
 The fields and the vallies are gaily array'd,
 And fresh flow'rets enamel the ground.
 But my Rosa is gone, and left me forlorn,
 To roam the most wretched of men,
 The flowers of hope from my bosom are torn,
 And they never shall blossom again.

The birds sing as sweetly on ev'ry green thorn,
 The brook steals as soft thro' the grove,
 The sun shines as bright, and as sweet smiles the morn,
 As they did when I roam'd with my love;
 But my Rosa is gone, and left me forlorn,
 To roam the most wretched of men,
 The flowers of hope from my bosom are torn,
 And they never shall blossom again.

CANZONET.

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Every pulse along my veins,
 Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish ;
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would soothe its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure ;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Least I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love,
 Night, without a morning ;
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

WITHIN A MILE.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear :
 Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
 The lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd,
 No, no, it will not do ;
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Though long he had follow'd the lass :
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass :
 Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 No, no, it will not do ;
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle to.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cry'd,
 No, no, it will not do ;
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot mannot buckle to.

ADOWN IN THE VALLEY.

Did you ne'er hear a tale, how a lad in the vale
 Ask'd a damsel to grant him a kiss,
 When this pretty maid cried, ' No, it must be denied,'
 Yet all the while wish'd to say ' yes ;'
 For when on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally,
 Or rathe in truth she sigh'd for the youth
 Adown adown down in the valley ?

Did you ne'er hear it said, when he ask'd her to wed,
 And told her true love prompted so,
 How this silly maid spoke, to be sure 't was in joke,
 For she answer'd him ' Shepherd, no, no.'
 Yet when on her pillow she sigh'd for the willow,
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally,
 Oh rather in truth, she sigh'd for the youth
 Adown adown down in the valley ?

But ah ! now you shall find how this maid changed
 her mind,
 When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this ;

For when he next press'd at the church to be blest,
 'Oh,' she answer'd, 'dear shepherd, yes, yes!'
 Nor when on her pillow, more sigh'd for the willow
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally ;
 But blest the fond day they to church flew away,
 Adown adown down in the valley.

KATE, THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Air—Moggy Lawder.

Within yon cottage dwells a maid,
 More sweet than roses blooming,
 With beauty's blended charms array'd,
 And yet she's unassuming.
 This lovely trace of mental grace,
 Which fost'ring nature taught her,
 Bids every swain attune his strain,
 To Kate, the Woodman's daughter.

But let them woo her if they will,
 To me her troth is plighted ;
 And what she's promis'd she'll fulfil,
 By her no vows are blighted.
 This lovely trace of mental grace
 Was planted ere I sought her,
 For virtue's hand attempted bland
 Sweet Kate the Woodman's daughter.

Oh ! let the monarch fill his throne,
 The miser keep his treasures,
 Let me but call sweet Kate my own,
 I'll envy not their pleasures ;

For e'en the trace of mental grace
 For which the swains have sought her,
 Shall be the dower, th' attractive pow'r
 Of Kate, the Woodman's daughter.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
 As ever graced a martial story,
 And Jane was fair as spotless truth—
 She died for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story,
 But war, their honest joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride,
 Jane follow'd—fought ! (a hapless story) :
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

CALL AGAIN TO-MORROW.

I'll to Court among all the nobility,
 Hold up my head with the best,
 Learn politeness and all incivility,
 And be most presumptuously drest.

Spoken.—Then I shall get an officious situation, and
 expense favours and places like other great men ; but
 if they offer me a bribe, as I am above all incorruption,
 I shall, like my betters, pocket the affront with

Call again to-morrow
 Can't you ?
 Call again to morrow.

All ranks and degrees of the quality
 To all my routs I'll invite,
 And have, with true inhospitality,
 Public breakfast at seven at night.

Spoken—It will be pretty expensive, and I may over-
 run the constables ; but to pay debts is unfashionable
 so when a dun knocks at the door, I shall look out of
 the window and say

Call again to morrow
 Can't you ?
 Call again to morrow.

I'll then, to support my indignity,
 My hand to some heiress expose ;
 Then, with all proper pride and benignity,
 On old friends I'll turn up my nose.

Spoken.—Conscience may tease me a little, but it's all
 dicky with that in the new school : common sense and
 common honesty may do for common folks, but with
 us people of superogatory rank it's all

Call again to morrow
 Can't you ?
 Call again to morrow.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

The rose of the valley in spring time was gay,
 The rose of the valley it wither'd away ;

The swains all admired it, its praises repeat,
 An emblem of virtue so simple and sweet ;
 But a blight marr'd the blossom, and soon, well-a-day !
 The rose of the valley it wither'd away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
 By the rose of the valley I picture my heart ;
 The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,
 By innocence render'd a heaven on earth ;
 But virtue and peace left the spot, well-a-day !
 And the rose of the valley it wither'd away.

MR. AND MRS. TICK.

Mrs. Waddle was a widow, and she made no little gain,
 She kept a tripe and trotter shop in chick-a-biddy lane!
 Her next door neighbour, Tommy Tick, a tallow man
 was he,
 And he ax'd Mrs. Waddle just to take a cup of tea.
 With his tick-a-tee, tick-a-tee,
 Tick a tick-a-tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle put her chintz on, and sent for Sammy
 Sprig,
 The titivating barber, to frizify her wig ;
 Tommy Tick he dress'd in pompadour, with double
 channel'd pumps,
 And he look'd when he'd his jazey on, just like the
 jack of trumps.
 With his tick-a-tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle came in time for tea, and down they sat
together,

They talk'd about the price of things, the fashions and
the weather ;

She staid to supper too, for Tommy Tick, without a
doubt,

Wasn't one of them who axes you to tea, and turns ye
out.

With his tick-a-tee, &c.

So Tommy Tick he won her heart, and they were mar-
ried fast,

And all so loving were at first, folks thought it couldn't
last ;

They had words, and with a large cow-heel she gave
him such a wipe,

That he return'd the compliment with half a yard of
tripe.

With his tick-a-tee, &c.

She took him to the justice such cruelty to cease,
Who bound the parties over to keep the public peace ;

But Mrs. Tick, one day, inflamed with max and mug-
gy weather,

She with a joint-stool broke the peace, and Tommy's
head together.

With his tick-a-tee, &c.

THE WHIP-CLUB.

Fashion's all fiddle-de-dee,

For playing the fool I seem made ;

But what's to become of poor me ?
 'Tis the fashion to take up my trade.
 In the whip-club exalted I stand,
 As the cut of my coat will imply,
 And while driving, d'ye mind, four in hand,
 Can completely cut out a fly's eye.

Spoken.—Lord Slum, the Honourable Mr. Snook, Sir Thingumbob What-d'ye-call-um, and I, drive tandem like Phætons ; we square all round, and cut such figures ! I laugh, he ! he ! he ! and you'd laugh, ha ! ha ! ha ! so let's all laugh, haw ! haw ! haw ! Eh ? oh, tol de rol, &c.

Driving tandem one day in a gig,
 Full spank thro' the streets went the tits,
 The ponies took fright at a pig,
 And threw an old woman in fits ;
 The leader broke trace, by the bye,
 And down a blind lane t'other scuds,
 Capsized, down a cellar went I,
 Plump into a tub full of suds !

Spoken.—I fell like another Phæton. 'What d'ye want ?' said the laundress ; 'A drop of comfort,' said I ; and if she hadn't given it me, I should certainly have died of a dab-wash. I rose from the suds like *Wenus* from the sea ; and I laughed, he ! he ! he ! and the washer-woman laughed, &c.

My big buttons will shew my degree
 In the whip-club, a compact sublime !
 And for choice souls what better can be,
 Than getting the whip-hand of Time ?

Some pretty gape-seed we produce,
 Though 'tis playing the fool the wise tell ;
 But though lords have for that no excuse,
 With me, why it's all very well.

Spoken.—It's all in my way, you know ; I play the fool to shew others the absurdity of it ; cut capers to drive away care, and make ugly mugs to drive away melancholy ; and if every one on life's stage acted his part with such zeal and fidelity, and endeavoured like me to put the brightest side on every thing, we should all be so happy—I should laugh, he ! he ! he ! &c.

C. Dibdin.

THOMAS CLUTTERBUCK AND POLLY
 HIGGINBOTTOM.

In Chester town a man there dwelt,
 Not rich as Cræsus, but a buck ;
 The pangs of love he clearly felt—
 His name was Thomas Clutterbuck ;
 The lady he did most approve,
 Most guineas gold had got 'em,
 And Clutterbuck fell deep in love
 With Polly Higginbottom.

O Thomas Clutterbuck !
 O Polly Higginbottom !
 I sing the loves, the smiling loves,
 Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

A little trip he did propose ;
 Upon the Dee they got 'em ;
 The wind blew high—he blew his nose,
 And sung to Polly Higginbottom.

The strain was sweet, the stream was deep ;
 He thought his notes had caught her ;
 But she, alas ! first fell asleep,
 And then fell—in the water.

O Polly Higginbottom !
 She went to the bottom ;
 I sing the death, the doleful death,
 Of pretty Polly Higginbottom !

Yet still he strain'd his little throat,
 To love he did invite her,
 And never miss'd her, till his boat
 He thought went rather lighter ;
 But when he saw that she was gone—
 The summum of his wishes,
 He boldly paid the waterman,
 And jump'd among the fishes.

O Polly Higginbottom !
 He comes to the bottom ;
 I sing the death, the double death,
 Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom :

Round Chester stalk the river ghosts
 Of this young man and fair maid ;
 His head looks like a salmon-trout,
 Her tail is like a mermaid.

Learn this, ye constant lovers all,
 Who live on England's island ;
 The way to shun a watery death,
 Is making love on dry land !

O Polly Higginbottom,
 Who lies at the bottom !
 So sing the ghosts—the wattery ghosts
 Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

ELEU LORO.

Where shall the lover rest, whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast parted for ever?
 Where, thro' groves deep & high, sounds the far billow,
 Where early voilets die, under the willow.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, thro' the summer day, cool streams are laving;
 There, to the tempest's sway, scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take, parted for ever,
 Never again to wake, never, O never.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest, he the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast, ruin, and leave her?
 In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying,

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Wher wing shall the eagle flap o'er the false-hearted?
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap, ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit by his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it, never, O never.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never. *W. Scott.*

 WILLIAM AND MARY.

Ere sorrow taught my tears to flow,
 They call'd me—happy Mary;
 In rural cot, my humble lot,
 I play'd like any fairy:

And when the sun, with golden ray,
 Sunk down the western sky,
 Upon the green to dance or play,
 The first was happy I.
 Fond as the dove was my true love,
 Oh ! he was kind to me !
 And, what was still my greater pride,
 I thought I should be William's bride,
 When he return'd from sea.

Ah, what avails remembrance now ?
 It lends a dart to sorrow :
 My once lov'd cot, and happy lot,
 But loads with grief to-morrow.
 My William's buried in the deep,
 And I am sore oppress'd !
 Now all the day I sit and weep,
 At night I know no rest.
 I dream of waves—and sailors' graves
 In horrid wrecks I see !
 And when I hear the midnight wind,
 All comforts flies my troubled mind,
 For William lost at sea !

Knig

 GLEE.

We'll dance around, we four ;
 To mirth and glee
 Give welcome free,
 And show old care the door.

Brief clouds of storm or rain
 We'll, like the sun, disdain ;
 He lets them fly,
 Or shines them dry,
 And looks out bright again.
 We'll dance around, &c.

Misfortune's visits fall
 Alike on great and small,
 But men of wit—
 The devil a bit,
 Do they return his call.
 We'll dance around, &c.

BILLY LACKADAY.

Sure mortal man was born to sorrow,
 Grief to day and grief to-morrow ;
 Here I'm snubb'd and there I'm rated,
 Ne'er was youth so sittivated.
 There's Mrs. Bell swears none shall trick her ;
 And if I steeps my nose in liquor,
 For every drop I take she charges,
 And our small alc's as sour as *warges*,
 Lackaday, oh, Lackaday,
 Pity Billy Lackaday.

Poor Susan scolds, and when I've heard her,
 I dream all night of love and murder.
 I sighs, I groans, like any paviour,
 Forgetting all genteel behaviour.

Miss Fanny, she as hæš undone me,
 Like any queen looks down upon me :
 And when I kneels to ax for mercy,
 It does no good, but *wice wersay*,
 Lackaday, oh, Lackaday,
 Pity Billy Lackaday.

THY CHEEK, MY SWEET FAIR.

Thy cheek, my sweet fair,
 To the rose may compare,
 And thy breath may its fragrance exhale ;
 But as light is thy mind,
 As its leaves in the wind,
 That yield to each fluttering gale.

“ I’ve linger’d to toy
 “ With the promise of joy
 “ That beam’d in the glance of thine eye ;
 “ But my hopes soon have fled,
 “ And the sweet things it said
 “ How quickly thy tongue could deny.”

Ah, were it not kind
 Thy victims to find
 ’Mid the triflers around thee that rove ;
 So false, yet so fair—
 Ah, why would you snare
 A heart that so dearly could love !

ELLEN O'MOORE.

Ah, soldiers of Britain, your merciless doings
 Long, long, must the children of Erin deplore ;
 Oh, sad is my soul when I view the black ruins
 Where once stood the cottage of Ellen O'Moore.
 Her father (God rest him !) lov'd Ireland most dearly,
 All its wrongs, all its sufferings, he felt most severely,
 And with Freedom's bold sons united sincerely.
 But gone is the father of Ellen O'Moore !

One cold winter's night, as Dermot lay musing,
 Hoarse curses alarmed him, and crash went the door ;
 The fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing
 The brave but mild father of Ellen O'Moore !
 To their scoffs he reply'd not—with blows they assail'd
 him ;
 He felt all indignant ; his caution now fail'd him ;
 He return'd their sad blows, and all Munster bewail'd
 him,
 For stabb'd was the father of Ellen O'Moore !

The children's wild screams, and the mother's distraction,
 While the father, the husband, lay stretch'd in his
 gore !
 Ah ! who can relate, and not curse the foul faction,
 That blasted this rose bud, sweet Ellen O'Moore !
 O my father, my father ! she cries, wildly throwing
 Her arms round his neck, while his life's blood was
 flowing ;
 He kiss'd his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going.
 He groan'd, and left fatherless Ellen O'Moore.

With destruction unclay'd, this infernal banditti,
 Though the rain fell in sheets, and the tempest blew
 sore,
 Those friends to the castle, but foes to all pity,
 Set fire to the dwelling of Eilen O'Moore !
 The children, the mother, half-naked, and shrieking,
 Escap'd from the flames where Dermot lay reeking:
 And while these poor victims for shelter were seeking:
 Ah ! mark what befel poor Ellen O'Moore !

From her father's pale corpse, which her lap had sup-
 ported,
 Relentless the ruffians this lovely girl bore :
 With her tears, her entreaties, her sorrows they sported.
 And sad was the fate of poor Ellen O'Moore !
 And now a wild maniac, she roams the wide common.
 Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns ev'ry woman.
 And sings of her father in strains more than human,
 'Till the tears overpower poor Ellen O'Moore !

Oh, ye daughters of Erin, your country's salvation,
 While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your
 shore,
 Remember the wrongs of thy long shackl'd nation,
 Remember the woes of poor Ellen O'Moore !
 And while your hearts swell, with spirits of fire,
 Your brothers, your lovers, your children inspire,
 'Till Union shall make all oppressors retire
 From the soil where now wanders poor Ellen O'
 Moore.

GRAMACHREE.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in
 May,
 The little birds in blithest notes made vocal ev'ry'spray,
 They sung their little tales of love, they sung them o'er
 and o'er,
Ah! gramachree, ma hallenogue, my Molly Astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets which bounteous
 nature yields,
 The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scattered o'er
 the fields,
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Mol-
 ly's hate :
 How can she break the honest heart that wears her in
 its core ?
Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd, me Molly dear, Ah! why did I be-
 lieve ?
 Yet who could think such tender words were meant
 but to deceive ?
 Your love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, heav'n could
 give no more,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

O had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hil'
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon gree
 pasture fill ;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sat courting on a
bough,

I envy them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she show'd, but now, alas!
'tis o'er.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

SWEET ANNIE.

Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jockey spei'd the vessel's side,
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
Whan Jockey's tost aboon the tide?
Far off to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll prove true as he has been;
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie, his faithful anc.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie.
What though my Jockey's far away,
Tost up and down the awsome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipes away ;
 My Jockey wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray ;
 For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow ;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw saft ye gales, 'round Jockey's head,
 And gar the waves be calm and still ;
 His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What though my Jockey's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller shine ;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockey may again be mine.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The lawland laws was held in scorn ;
 But he still was faithful to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman,
 Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
 There's not a lad in a' the land
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And good claymore down by his side,

The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

We rang'd a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
 For a lawland face he feared none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman :
Sing hey, &c.

They banish him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

But oh ! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast,
 My curse upon them every one,
 The've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn
 Departed joys that ne'er return ;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

Burns.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander,
 Upon a distant shore ;
 Where lovely, fair, and tender,
 Is she whom I adore.

May Heaven its blessings sparing,
On her bestow them free ;
The lovely Maid of Erin !
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station,
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endow'd with wealth and power,
That wealth and power sharing,
My peerless queen should be
The lovely Maid of Erin !
Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean,
May long between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core.
For artless and endearing,
And mild and young is she ;
The lovely Maid of Erin !
Who sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation,
That my last hour is nigh ;
With placid resignation,
I'll lay me down and die.
Fond hope my bosom cheering,
That I in Heaven shall see
The lovely Maid of Erin !
Who sweetly sang to me.

MOYLE WATERS.

Silent, oh Moyle ! be the roar of thy waters,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night star her tale of woe.
 When shall the swain, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When will heav'n its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?
 Sadly, oh Moyle ! to thy wintry blasts weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
 Yet still in darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay !
 When will that day-star mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love ?
 When will heav'n its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above ?

THE BALLAD SINGER.

Here are catches, songs and glees,
 Some are twenty for a penny ;
 You shall have whate'er you please,
 Take your choice, for here are many.
 Here is—Nan of Glo'ster-Green,
 Here's the—Lilies of the valley ;
 Here is—Kate of Aberdeen,
 Here is—Sally in our Alley.

Here is—Mary's Dream—Poor Jack,
 Here's—The Tinker and the Tailor,
 Here's—Bow-wow and Paddy Whack—
 Tally ho—The hardy Sailor.

Here's—Dick Dock—The hearty Blade,
 Captain Wattle, and the Grinder ;
 And I've got the Cottage Maid,
 Tho' d—me if I can find her.

Drinking songs, do here abound,
 Toby Philpot—Fill the Glasses ;
 And—How stands the Glass around ?—
 Here's a health to all kind lasses.

Here's—Come join the social band,
 Here's—Jack thou art a noodle,
 Here's—Hail Columbia, happy land—
 Stony point, and Yankee Doodle.



THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
 Tho' rude the soil, and chill the air ;
 Well then may Erin's sons adore
 Their Isle, that nature formed so fair :
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
 As glorious Boyne, or pastoral Bann ?
 And who a friend or foe can meet,
 So generous as an Irishman ?
 His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But principle is still his guide ;

None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be dup'd, but won't be dar'd :
Fitter to practise than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor or strange, for you he'll pay,
And guide you safe where you may be ;
If you're a stranger, while you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee ;
His utmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound, in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dare to do ;
Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,
Try him in fire, you'll find him true :
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van ;
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Erin ! lov'd land from age to age,
Be thou more bless'd, more fam'd and free!
May peace be yours, and should you wage
Defensive wars, reap victory ;
May plenty bloom in every field,
And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
And generous smiles serenely shield
The breast of every Irishman.

THE MALTESE BOAT SONG.

See, brothers see, how the night comes on,
 Slowly sinks the setting sun,
 Hark, how the solemn vesper's sound
 Sweetly falls upon the ear ;

Then haste let us work till the day-light is o'er,
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore—
 Our toil of labour being o'er,
 How sweet the boatman's welcome home.
 Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home,
 Sweet, oh sweet the boatman's welcome home.

See how the tints of daylight die,
 Soon we'll hear the tender sigh ;
 For when the toil of labour's o'er,
 We shall meet our friends on shore.

Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
 For fame or gold how'er we roam,
 No sound so sweet as welcome home.
 Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home,
 Sweet, oh sweet the boatman's welcome home.
 Then haste let us, &c.

ISABEL.

Wake, dearest, wake ! and again united
 We'll rove by yonder sea ;
 And where our first vows of love were plighted,
 Our last farewell shall be ;

There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,
And there I'll part from thee.

There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted ;
And there I'll part from thee.

Isabel ! Isabel ! Isabel !

One look, though that look is in sorrow ;
Fare thee well ! fare thee well ! fare thee well !
Far hence I shall wander to-morrow :
Ah me ! Ah me !

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
Whom I have lov'd alone ;

'Twere cruel to link thy fate forever,
With sorrows like my own ;

Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.

Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.

Isabel ! Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lovely bowers,

Some happier youth to see ;

And you cull for him spring's sweetest flowers,

And he sings of love to thee :

When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours

Oh ! tell him to love like me.

When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours

Oh ! tell him to love like me.

Isabel ! Isabel, &c.

THE CONTENTED FELLOW.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be ;

For what can this world more afford,

Than a girl that will socially sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd
 My brave boys ?

See, my vault door is open, descend every guest,
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try ;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye,
 My brave boys.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and the binns are well
 fill'd ;
 View that heap of champaign in the rear !
 Those bottles are Burgundy: see how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier upon tier,
 My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously ranged in view ;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue,
 My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck ;
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke ;
 For I hate that a bumper should stand,
 My brave boys.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear should be shed,
 No hic jacet engrav'd on my stone ;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that his drinking is done,
 My brave boys.

SONG.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
 High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you—
 Did I ever upbraid you? oh no, my love no.

I own it would please me, at home could you tarry,
 Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
 But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
 Shall I blame your departure? oh no, my love, no.

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
 That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
 Nay, banish that frown, displeasure betraying—
 Do you think I suspect you? O no, my love, no.

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me
 Or plant in a heart which adores you such wo;
 Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive me
 Should I e'er cease to love you? oh no, my love, no.

 THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

T. Moore.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be :
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning ;
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh ! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,

Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them ;
 Oh ! then remember me.

When around thee dying
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee :
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee—
 Oh ! then remember me.

T. Moore

THE WOODMAN.

To a woodman's hut there came one day
 A physician and dancing master ;
 This fellow's hovel must serve said they,
 For the rain pours faster and faster.

The physician was proud, and toss'd up his head,
 And scarce would the woodman mark, sir ;
 " But doctor, we're equals," the woodman said,
 " For we both of us deal in bark, sir."

The master of dance was as grand as you please,
 'Till the woodman cried, "how now, sir!
 You cut but capers, I cut trees,
 And we all know the worth of a bow, sir."

At last, says the woodman, "the weather is good,
 For the rain only falls from the eaves, now;
 So put out your heads, 'twill be carrying wood:
 And pray, both be taking your leaves now."

Coleman Jr.

THE FAIREST ROSE IS FAR AWA.'

The morn is blinking o'er the hills
 With soften'd light, and colours gay;
 Through grove and valley sweetly thrills
 The melody of early day;
 The dewy roses blooming fair,
 Glitter around her father's ha',
 But still my Mary is not there—
 The fairest rose is far awa'.

The cooling zephyrs gently blow
 Along the dew-bespangled mead—
 In ev'ry field the oxen low—
 The careless shepherd tunes his reed—
 And while the roses blooming fair,
 My lute with softly dying fa'
 Laments that Mary is not there—
 The fairest rose is far awa'.

The thrush is singing on the hills
 And charms the groves that wave around,
 And through the vale the winding rills
 Awake a softly murmuring sound ;
 The robin tunes his mellow throat
 Where glittering roses sweetly blaw,
 But grieves that Mary hears him not—
 The fairest rose is far awa'.

Why breathe thy melody in vain,
 Thou lovely songster of the morn—
 Why pour thy ever-varying strain
 Amid the sprays of yonder thorn—
 Do not the roses blooming fair
 At morning's dawn or evening's fa'
 Tell thee of one that is not there—
 The fairest rose that's far awa'.

THE MAID OF LODI.

I sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee.
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.
 And when her day's work's over,
 Around a cheerful fire,

She sings, or rests contented ;
What more can man desire ?
Let those who squander millions
Review her happy lot,
They'll find their proud pavilions
Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
Some villains siez'd my coach,
And dragg'd me to a cavern,
Most dreadful to approach ;
By which the maid of Lodi
Came trotting from the fair ;
She paus'd to hear my wailings,
And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
She tied her poney's rein ;
I thus by female courage
Was dragg'd to life again.
She led me to her dwelling,
She cheer'd my heart with wine
And then she deck'd a table,
At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
Her features you may find ;
But not the fam'd Correggios
Could ever paint her mind.
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me ;
And when this maid is married,
Still happier may she be.

I'LL BE MARRIED TO THEE.

I am teaz'd to death from morn till night,
 And its all along with who,
 Why its all for thee, my heart's delight,
 Dear Sandy, I tell thee true.
 My father stamps, and my mother scolds,
 Aye, and leads me such a life,
 And its all for being too young I'm told,
 To be my Sandy's wife.

Than gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
 Gang o'er the hills with me,
 Gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
 And I'll be married to thee.

There is ne'er a laird in all Dumfries,
 Though many a laird there be,
 Can ever say such things to please
 As my dear Shepherd to me.
 And though but little the youth can boast,
 Of acres, houses or gear,
 Of all the Shepherds I love him most,
 And he is my only dear.

Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

Twelve months are gone and something more,
 Since we fix'd on to wed,
 And should we tarry till e'en threescore,
 Why something will e'en be said ;
 Then let us now, while yet 'tis spring,
 And sympathy warms each breast,
 Twine hands together in Hymen's string,
 And love will make up the rest.

Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

Green grow the rashes, O ;

Green grow the rashes, O ;

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,

Are spent among the lasses, O !

'There's naught but care on ev'ry han',

In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;

What signifies the life o' man,

An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O ?

Green grow, &c.

The warldly race may riches chase,

And riches still may fly them, O ;

And though at last they catch them fast,

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,

My arms around my dearie, O ;

An' warldly cares an' warldly men,

May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,

Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;

The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,

He dearly lo'ed the lasses' O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes, O ;

Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,

And then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Burns.

GIVE ISAAC THE NYMPH.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
 But health and good humour to make her his toast ;
 If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
 And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care ;
 If brown, it is lasting, more pleasing if fair :
 And though in her face I no dimples could see,
 Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green ;
 Be they light, gray, or black, their luster and hue,
 I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black ;
 A little round chin is a beauty, I've heard,
 But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Sheridan.

 CAN OF GROG.

While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
 Or ventures on the yard ;
 The landsman who no better knows,
 Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
 Casts anchor, heaves the log,
 Trims all the sails belays the sheets,
 And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
 The vessel rudely bear,
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,
 Now quiv'ring in the air ;
 Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
 You ne'er hear him repine ;
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning near the line ;
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
 To quarters all repair ;
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,
 And shot sing through the air :
 Bold Jack, &c.

THE HOBBIES.

Attention pray give while of hobbies I sing,
 For each has his hobby, from cobbler to king ;
 On some favorite hobby we all get astride,
 And when we're once mounted, full gallop we ride.
 All on hobbies, all on hobbies,
 All on hobbies. gee up, and gee O.

Some hobbies are restive, and hard for to govern ;
 E'en just like our wives, they'er so cursedly stubborn.
 The hobbies of scolds are their husbands to tease,
 And the hobbies of lawyers are plenty of fees.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The beaux, those sweet gentlemen's hobby, good lack !
 Is to wear great large poultices tied round the neck ;
 And they think in the ton and the tippe they're drest,
 If they've breeches that reach from the ankle to chest.

All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of sailors, when safe moor'd in port,
 With their wives and their sweethearts to toy and to
 sport;

When our navy's completed, their hobby shall be,
 To shew the whole world that America's free.

All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of soldiers in time of great wars,
 Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and scars;
 But in peace you'll observe that quite different their
 trade is :

The hobbies of soldiers, in peace, are the ladies.

All on hobbies, &c.

The ladies, sweet creatures ! yes they now and then,
 Get astrid of their hobbies, e'en just like the men :
 With smiles and with simpers beguile us with ease ;
 And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en just as they please.

All on hobbies, &c.

The American's hobbies has long since been known :
 No tyrant or king shall from them have a throne :
 Their states are united—and let it be said,
 Their hobby is Washington, peace and free trade.

All on hobbies, &c.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've past some pleasing hours ;
Though wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find
A girl like blithsome Sally,
Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From nestling of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to lead,
So social, gay, and free :
Yet, though the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her, who cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd,
To use my native toil ;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil :
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph who cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

GALLA WATER.

There's braw, braw lads, on Yarrow braes
That wander thro' the blooming heather ;

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
Can match the lad o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindness, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks, by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That soft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.



TASTE, OH ! TASTE THIS SPICY WINE.

Taste, oh ! taste this spicy wine,
Drain the sparkling cup, I pray ;
Does your heart in sadness pine ?
Drink, and sadness clears away.

Now may nimble troops of pleasure
Seal your hours in morrice light ;
Deck the day with fancy's treasure,
Bless your dreams, and crown the night.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

When freshly blows the nothern gale
 And under courses snug we fly ;
 When brighter breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky ;
 Longside the wheel, unwearied still
 I stand, and as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer ;
 When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near !
 I think 'tis thus the fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away,
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and sighing, say,
 Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draw kindly aft,
 All hands are up, the yards to square ;
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh ! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring ;
 Some breeze to waft me, love to thee !
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy ! so.

THADY MULLIGAN.

There was a lady liv'd at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man ;
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman,
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,
 A wild tremendous Irishman,
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, lumping, ramping
 roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas searr'd across,
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost quite a yard across,
 O the lump of an Irishman ;
 The whiskey drinking Irishman,
 The great he rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the
 fighting, rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other it was out my dear,
 And the calves of his wicked looking legs
 Were more than two feet about my dear.
 O the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, lea-
 ering swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy Foot,
 That he used to snort and snuffle—O ;
 And in shape and size the fellow's neck
 Was as big as the neck of a buffalo.

O the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman,
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing
 hashing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He'd not rest till he fill'd it full again.
 The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The toxicated Irishman,
 The whiskey, friskey, rummy, gummy, brandy, no
 dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the Lady lov'd,
 Like all the girls of quality,
 And he broke the skulls of the men at Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity.
 O the lathering Irishman,
 The barbarous, savage Irishman,
 The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads,
 were bother'd I'm sure by this Irishman.

PADDY CARY'S FORTUNE, OR IRISH PRO- MOTION.

was at the town of nate Clogheen
 That Serjeant Snap met Paddy Cary,
 claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy ;

His brawny shoulders four feet square,
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,
 His legs would make a chairman stare,
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies!
 Old and young—grave and sad—deaf and dumb—du
 or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk, and airy,
 All the sweet faces, at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,
 Ogh! cushlamacree did you nev. r see
 The jolly boy, the darling boy!
 The darling joy, the ladies' toy!
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-hea
 ed Paddy Cary.

O sweet Paddy!
 Beautiful Paddy!
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Cary.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
 His tongue was tipt with a bit of the brogue,
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
 Now serjeant Snap, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legged Mary,
 A shilling slipt so neat and clean,
 By the Powers he listed Paddy Cary!
 Tight and sound—strong and light—chceks so roun
 eyes so bright,
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight and airy,
 All the sweet faces. &c.

The sowl wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When wadding forth came Widow Leary,
 Though she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Cary.
 Ogh, Pat," she cried, " go buy the ring,
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey ;
 Says Pat, " Your sowl ! I'll do that thing."
 And clapp'd his thumb upon her money !
 Dimlet-eye—sausage-nose—Pat so sly—ogle throws,
 Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring ;
 Sweet widow Leary !
 All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of mistress Leary ;
 And mounting strait a large cockade,
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Cary !
 Grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary ;
 Her eyes that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to captain Cary !
 Fat and sweet—no alloy—all complete—love and joy,
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear widow Leary ;

All the sweet faces at Limerick streets,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt ;
 The sowl's all cry, as the groom struts by,
 Ogh ! cushlamacree, thou art lost to me !"
 The jolly boy, the darling boy !
 The lady's toy, the widow's joy !

Long sword girted, neat short skirted, head cropt,
 Whisker chopp'd, Captain Cary!
 O sweet Paddy!
 Beautiful Paddy!
 White feathered, boot leathered, Paddy Cary!

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh have you not heard of Kate Kearney,
 She lives on the banks of Killarney,
 From the glance of her eye,
 Shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

Her eye is so modestly beaming,
 You'll ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming:
 Yet O! I can tell,
 How fatal's the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Then should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
 Beware of her smile,
 For many a wile
 Lies hid in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Her eyes so bewitchingly simple,
 Oh there's mischief in every dimple;
 By her sigh's spicy gale,
 Who e'er dares inhale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Miss Owens

MY TRIM BUILT WHERRY.

Then farewell, my trim built wherry,
 Oars, and coat, and badge farewell ;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I go ;
 Where exposed to every danger,
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
 With the news my messmates come :
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh may cry poor Tom !

C. Dibdin.

SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

The broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,
 The lambkins were sporting around,
 When I wander'd to breathe the soft air,
 And by chance a rich treasure I found.
 A lass sat beneath a green shade,
 For her smiles the whole world I'd forego.
 As blooming as May was the maid,
 And she lives in the valley below.

Her song struck my ear with surprise,
 Her voice like the nightingale sweet,
 But love took his seat in her eyes,
 Where beauty and innocent meet.

From that moment my heart was her own,
 For every wish I'd forego,
 She's beauteous as roses just blown,
 And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'er grown,
 The sweet turtle-dove cooing round,
 My flocks and my herds are my own,
 My pastures with hawthorn are bound.
 All my riches I'd lay at her feet,
 If her heart in return she'll bestow ;
 For no pastime can cheer my retreat,
 While she lives in the valley below.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder ?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And sp-ir'd what was't they ca'd her ?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone ye hallan-shaker,
 Jog on your gate, ye Bladderskate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee ;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee ;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter ;
 The lasses loup as they were deft
 When I blow up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live ye upo' the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it:
 Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson:
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Happy Simson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Enster fair,
 Spierye for Maggie Lauder.

Burns.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I have parks, I have grounds;
 I have deer, I have hounds,

And for sporting a neat little cottage !
 I have youth, I have wealth,
 I have strength, I have health,
 Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
 What can I want ?—'Tis the girl of my heart,
 To share those treasures with me.
 For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 The sweet, lovely girl of my heart.
 For had I the wealth, &c.

My domain far extends,
 And sustain social friends,
 Who makes music divinely enchanting ;
 We have balls, we have plays,
 We have routs, public days,
 And yet still I find something is wanting ;
 What should it be, but the girl of my heart,
 To share those treasures with me ;
 And had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart,
 Then give me the girl of my heart,
 For what is the wealth that the Indies impart,
 Compar'd to the girl of my heart ;
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

Hey, the dusty miller
 And his dusty coat,

He will win a shilling
Or he'll spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was to colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck :

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gie my coattie
For the dusty miller.

THE CALEDONIAN MAID.

Say, have you seen my Arrabell ?
The Caledonian maid,
Or heard the youths of Scotland tell,
Where Arrabell has stray'd ?
The damsel is of angel mein,
With sad and downcast eyes ;
The shepherds call her sorrow's queen,
So pensively she sighs.

But why her sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her tears so flow ;
In vain they press'd the lovely girl,
The innate cause to know.

E'er reason form'd her tender mind,
 The virgin learn'd to love,
 Compassion taught her to be kind,
 Deceit she was above.

And had not war's terrific voice
 Forbid the nuptial bands,
 Ere now, had Sandy been her choice,
 And Hymen join'd our hands:
 But since the sword of war is sheath'd,
 And peace resumes her charms,
 My every joy is now bequeath'd
 'To Arrabella's arms.

MY NAME'S HONEST HARRY, O.

My name is Honest Harry, O,
 Mary I will marry O;
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy O,
 I love little Mary O,
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.

Smart she is and bonny O,
 Sweet as sugarcandy O,
 Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her Jack a dandy O.
 With my, &c.

Soon to church I'll have her O,
 Where we'll wed together O ;
 And that then done,
 We'll have some fun,
 In spite of wind and weather O,
 With my, &c.

JOE THE SAILOR.

Columbia's sons at sea,
 In battle always brave,
 Strike to no pow'r d'ye see,
 That ever plough'd the wave.
 Fal, lal, la !

But when we're not afloat,
 'Tis quite another thing ;
 We strike to petticoat,
 Get groggy, dance and sing.
 Fal, lal.

There's Portsmouth Polly, she,
 When forc'd to go ashore,
 Vow'd constancy to me,
 And sometimes twenty more.
 Fal, lal.

But give poor Poll her due,
 For truth's a precious thing,
 With none but sailors true
 Would she drink grog and sing.
 Fal, lal.

With Nancy deep in love,
 I once to sea did go ;
 Return'd, she cry'd, " By Jove!
 " I'm married, dearest Joe. "
 Fal, lal.

Great guns I scarce could hold,
 To find that I was flung ;
 But Nancy prov'd a scold,
 Then I got drunk, and sung
 Fal, lal.

At length I did comply,
 And made a rib of Sue ;
 What tho' she'd but one eye ?
 It pierced my heart like two.
 Fal. lal.

And now I take my glass,
 Drink America no king ;
 Content with my old lass,
 Get groggy, dance, and sing.
 Fal, lal.

BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay ;

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures wast the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdapt shade ;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more ;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavies and the blackbird vie
In tunefu' strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer suits,
'To mirth a' nature now invites ;
Let us be blithsome then, and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
 Loudly my love to gladness ca' ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance ;
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

THE WOOD ROBIN.

Stay, sweet enchanter of the grove,
 Leave not so soon thy native tree ;
 O, warble still those notes of love,
 While my fond heart resounds to thee.
 O, warble still those notes of love.
 While my fond heart responds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
 Till chilly autumn frowns severe ;
 Then charm me with thy parting lay,
 And I will answer with a tear.
 Then charm me with thy parting lay,
 And I will answer with a tear.

But soon as spring enrich'd with flowers
 Comes dancing o'er the new-drest plain ;
 Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
 My Robin, with those notes again.
 Return, and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
 My Robin, with those notes again.

'PUSH ALONG, KEEP MOVING.

I am a man of learning and the ladies call me pretty,
 Many years ago, I kept a school in famous Boston city;
 I taught the arts and sciences, tho' somewhat fond of
 roving,
 And the science of my motto was, to push along, keep
 moving.

Spoken.—Yes, I kept a school, and taught little boys to
 say ab's eb's ub's lud's and mud's, and there we used to
 stick fast 'till I'd tickle them with my rattan, to make
 them push along, push along, push along keep moving.

I had a wife, and she was young to think of wedlock's
 toys,
 She would not let me keep a school, because I whipt
 the boys;
 So a doctor shop I then set up, my talents thus im-
 proving,
 But a doctor shop would never do, to push along
 keep moving.

Spoken.—It was 'oh dear sir, oh dear me:' well good
 woman what's the matter? 'Why sir my husband has
 been to one of those Lafayette dinners, and has got the
 leg of a turkey down his throat—that's very serious in-
 deed—'yes, and I ordered Polly to scour the tongs to get
 it out;' Well did she get it out? 'No sir, I want you to
 get it out,—for if you don't, he never will be able to
 push along, &c'.

A doctor shop I soon gave up, 'twas every body's cry,
 Oh don't you take that fellow's stuff, for if you do you'll
 die;

So a baker's shop I then set up, my talents thus improv-
ing,
But a baker shop would never do, to push along keep
moving.

Spoken.—'Will you please to let me have a loaf of bread?' Yes my little man, here it is—'bless me sir, your bread is very light!' then you will have the less to carry—'here is the money'—come back you little scoundrel, here is not enough—'then you will have the less to count'—ah you are up to me this time, but I will be down to you the next.—'Will you please to let me have a three cent loaf of bread, and as soon as my husband comes home, I will pay you all off, I owe you?' No good woman, I can't, for if I was to, I never should be able to push along, &c.

In vain I thought to get my bread by baking it for
others,
And trusting it all out again to little children's mothers;
So a grocery shop I then set up, my talents thus improv-
ing,
But a grocery shop would never do, to push along
keep moving.

Spoken.—'I say mister, will you be after letting me have a pint of whiskey, and may the devil fly away with the roof of my jacket if I don't pay you all off I owe you on Saturday night?' You won't forget will you?'—No, I'll be blam'd if I do—well here it is.

Stuttering.—'Will you please to let my mother have a pennyworth of pepper, and wrap it up in a piece of paper?' Let your mother have a pennyworth of pepper, and wrap it up in a piece of paper?'—Here take it and clear out.

My wife at length grew fond of gin, my store was dis-
 appearing,
 'Till death at last soon put an end, and then I went a
 roving.

Spoken.—' Then I came down to this great city and
 found every body was trying to do what I was, that is
 to push along, push along, push along, keep moving.

SWEETS OF AFFECTION.

When I first saw the youth who to me came a wooing,
 Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow,
 'Twas there the soft language my courage subduing,
 First taught me the sweets of affection to know.
 'Twas there he sang gaily; my fancy entrancing,
 That I scarcely believ'd that the night was advancing,
 The moon beam'd so gay, the waves' tops were dancing,
 Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow.
 Down by yon banks, &c.

I strove not to listen, but how could I deceive him,
 Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow;
 He swore he would die if I did not believe him,
 And this is no time to kill sailors you know.
 At parting he look'd, and heav'd such a sigh, too,
 I really believe he'd a tear in his eye, too;
 If he can forget it, I can't say that I do,
 Down by yon banks where the waves gently flow,
 Down by yon banks, &c.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!

Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleet not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
With honest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!

So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er had'st left thy sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Air—" *Good morrow to your night cap.*"

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

And dinna be sae rude to me,

As kiss me sae before folk.

It wad nae gi'e me meikle pain,

Gin we were seen and heard by nane,

To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;

But gudsake ! not before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Whate'er you do when out o' view,

Be cautious ay' before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,

And what a great affair they'll mak',

O' naething but a simple smack,

That's gi'en or ta'en before folk ;

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Nor gi'e the tongue o' ould and young,

Occasion to come o'er folk.

Its nae through hatred o' a kiss,

That I sae plainly tell you this,

But, losh ! I tak' it sair amiss,

To be sae teaz'd before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk,

When we're alane, ye may tak' ane,

But feint a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free,
 As ony modest lass should be;
 But yet it does na do to see

Sic freedom used before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk.

I'll ne'er submit again to it—

So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;

It may be sac—I dinna care—

But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair

As ye hae done before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;

Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,

But ay be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet;

Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deecit,

At ony rate it's hardly meet

To prie their sweets before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk
 Behave yoursel' before folk,

Gin that's the case, there's time and place,

But surely na before folk.

But gin you really do insist,

That I should suffer to be kiss'd,

Gae, get a licence frae the priest,

And mak' me yours before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;

And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,

Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

TYPOGRAPHICAL SONG.

Our Country's like a *Printing-house*,
 And I will tell you why ;
 A *royal botch* controll'd it once,
 Who threw it all in *pi*.
 But soon we *ousted* such a dunce,
 And all his *ratting* race
 Drove in swarms,
 Beat their *forms*,
 Or *lock'd* them up in *chase*.

Then free-born *Artists* took the *rule*,
 And soon a *work* began,
 By Nature's glorious *Author* wrote,
 "The Charter'd Rights of Man."
 Who casts a *slur* on *text* or *note*,
 True honour never felt,
 Let the brute
 Feel the *foot*,
 And *tread* him like a *pelt*.

While honest *critics* disagree,
 In *faults* they think they find,
 Let *half-way workman* stand aloof,
 For they are worse than blind.
 Since Washington has read the *proof*,
 And Franklin the *revise*,
 Every *line*
 Is divine,
 Recorded in the skies.

The wretch who *batters* such a *form*,
 Shall have a traitor's due,
 And find, when summon'd to the *bar*,
 The *gallows* stands in view.
 Then let the *coffin* be his car,
 The *sheeps-foot* ring his knell,
Devils swarm
 Round his *form*,
 And throw him into *hell*.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Gaily sounds the Castanet,
 Beating time to bounding feet,
 When, after daylight's golden set,
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

Oh! then, how sweet to move
 Thro' all that maze of mirth,
 Lighted by those eyes we love,
 Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then the joyous banquet spread
 On the cool and fragrant ground,
 With night's bright eye-beams o'er head;
 And still brighter sparkling round.

Oh! then, how sweet to say
 Into the lov'd one's ear,
 Thoughts reserv'd through many a day,
 To be thus whisper'd there.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm and arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play.

Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss
That haunt young hearts alone. *T. Moore.*

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her king with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red Branch knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the wave of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.

T. Moore.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

T. Moore.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! to pine on the stem
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden, lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle, the gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

T. Moore

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
 Beware o' bonie Ann ;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly she might span.

Youth, grace and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a,
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

MY NANIE'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me its delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And voilets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherds to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn ;
 And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—for Nanie's awa.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH-

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—

The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !
 Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,

So passing the springtide of joy we have known :
 Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leave us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
 Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of
 morning,

Her clouds and *her* tears are worth evening's best
 light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first wak'd a new life though his
 frame ;

And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in
 burning

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !

T. Moore.

BLOW HIGH BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
 The whistling wind that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song—
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives,
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be—
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

Dibdin

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

When nature first began, Jean,
 To try her cannie hand,
 It's true she first made man, Jean,
 And gae' him great command ;

But naething wad content him, Jean,
 Tho' king o' a' below,
 Till heaven in pity sent him, Jean,
 What maist he wish't—a jo!

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,
 An' say the same o' thee,
 Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
 You still look young to me:
 An' weel I mind the day, Jean,
 Your breast was white as snow,
 An' waist sae jimp, ane might it span,—
 Jean Anderson, my jo!

Our bonny bairns' bairns, Jean,
 Wi' rapture do I see,
 Come toddlin' to the fireside,
 Or sit upon my knee:
 If there is pleasure here, Jean,
 Or happiness below,
 This surely maun be likest it,
 Jean Anderson, my jo!

Though age has sillar'd owre my pow,
 Sin' we were first acquaint,
 An' changed my glossy raven lock,
 It's left us still content;
 An' eld ne'er comes alane, Jean,
 But aft brings many a wo,
 Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,
 Jean Anderson, my jo!

Innocent we've spent our days,
 An' pleasant looks the past ;
 Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
 We're cheerfu' to the last :
 'Till death knock at our door, Jean,
 And warn us baith to go,
 Contented we will live an' love,
 Jean Anderson, my jo !

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,
 Sin' you an' I begun
 'To sprachel up life's hill, Jean,
 Our race is nearly run ;
 We baith hae done our best, Jean,
 Our sun is wearin' low ;
 Sae let us quietly sink to rest,
 Jean Anderson, my jo !

Burns.

WHAT A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

When I was a little boy,
 Some fifteen years ago,
 I was the pride of mammy's heart,
 Lord she made me quite a show.
 Such a beauty I did grow.

I'd red straight hair and goggle eyes,
 And such a rogueish leer ;
 A large flat nose, and mouth
 That reach'd from ear to ear.
 Such a beauty, &c.

My mammy doted on me,
 And when my mouth she'd fill,
 For fear she'd spoil it with a spoon,
 She fed me with a quill.

Such a beauty, &c.

And when that I could run alone,
 Stock still I never stood ;
 The ducks were my companions,
 As I waddled through the mud.

Such a beauty, &c.

Then I learned to be musical,
 And got of songs so pat,
 I could grunt bass like any pig,
 Mew treble like a cat.

Such a beauty, &c.

Then I went to a dancing school,
 For to be finish'd there,
 And they said I danced a minuet
 As graceful as a bear.

Such a beauty, &c.

With a mountebank a candidate,
 I beat them all quite hollow,
 And I won this pretty gold laced hat
 By grinning through a collar.

Such a beauty, &c.

My name is Tommy Herring,
 As every body knows,
 And they stick me in the barley fields,
 To frighten off the crows.

Such a beauty, &c.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

St. Patrick was a getleman, and came from decent people :

In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple ;
His father was a Wollaghan, and his mother an O'Grady,
His aunt she was a Kinaghan, and his wife a widow
Brady.

Tooralloo tooralloo, what a glorious man our St. was,
Tooraloo, tooralloo, O whack fal de lal, de lal, &c.

Och ! Antrim hills are mighty high and so's the hill of
Howth too ;

But we all do know a mountain that is higher than
them both too ;

'Twas on the top of that high mount, St. Patrick
preach'd a sermon,

He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished all the
vermin.

Toollaroo, &c.

No wonder that we Irish lads, then, are so blythe and
friskey ;

St. Patrick was the very man that taught us to drink
whiskey ;

Och ! to be sure, he had the knack and understood dis-
tilling,

For his mother kept a shebeen shop, near the town of
Enniskillen.

Tooralloo, &c.

BARNEY BODKIN.

Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
 Want of money makes us sad,
 Without feet we can't have toes,
 Crazy folks are always mad.
 A farthing rush-light's very small,
 Doctors wear large bushy wigs,
 One that's dumb can never bawl,
 Pickled pork is made of pigs.
 Ri tum tweedle tweedle del,
 A yard of pudding's not an ell,
 Not forgetting ti'th'rum ti,
 A taylor's goose can never fly.

Patriot's say they'll mend the nation,
 Pigeons will make pretty pies,
 Lawyer's deal in botheration,
 A gun's too big for shooting flies,
 Irish whiskey's very good,
 Lundy-foot will make you sneeze,
 Wig-blocks they are made of wood,
 Pepper's good with butter'd peas.
 Ri tum, &c.

Times will grow better, never fear,
 Old maids in scandal take delight,
 Candles now are very dear,
 Roguery must come to light.
 Lin'rick gloves an't made for pigs,
 Very seldom asses die,
 Plumb-pudding must be stuff'd with figs,
 Kilworth mountain's very high.
 Ri tum, &c.

Puppet shows young folks amuse,
 Christmas comes but once a year,
 Wooden legs wear out no shoes,
 Seven-pence a quart is beer,
 Taylors cabbage all your cloth,
 Shins of beef are very tough,
 Flummery is just like froth,
 Mrs. Clarke is up to snuff.

Ri tum, &c.

We shall live until we die,
 Barney leave the girls alone,
 Catsup an't good with apple-pie,
 Church warden's hearts are made of stone,
 Jolly tars are fond of fun,
 For Liberty we'll nobly shout,
 And now, good folks, my song is done,
 Nobody knows what 'twas about.

Ri tum, &c.

THE LAST BUGLE.

Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the
 brave,
 The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
 Under Death, whom he owns his commander in chief;
 No more he'll turn out with the ready relief,
 But in spite of Death's terrors or hostile alarms,
 When he hears the last bugle,
 When he hears the last bugle, he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell brother soldier, in peace may thou rest,
 And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
 Until that review when the souls of the brave,
 Shall behold the *Chief Ensign*, fair Mercy's flag wave;
 Then, freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
 When we hear the last Bugle,
 When we hear the last Bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection recalls them to view,
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
 And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew;
 The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood
 by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron bound bucket—
 The moss covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green massy brim to receive it,
 As pois'd on the cord, it inclined to my lips ;
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well,
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss covered bucket which hangs in his well.

Woodworth.

BEHOLD IN HIS SOFT.

Behold ! in his soft expressive face,
 Her well known features here I see,
 And here her gentle smile can trace,
 Which once so sweetly beam'd on me ;
 Ah ! Rosalvin !—
 Ah ! Rosalie ! that death should sever,
 Two hearts that could have lov'd for ever.

Here could I fancy I beheld
 In thee, sweet boy, her heavenly charms ;
 Could think, by hope and love impell'd,
 I clasp'd her offspring in my arms.

My child ! my child !
 My child, like this, was lovely ever,
 Till death decreed our hearts to sever.

Arnold.

LAWRENCE THE BRAVE.

The streamers were flying, the canvass was spreading,
 The banner of war floated high in the air,
 The gale on its pinions to combat was speeding,
 The chief of Columbia, her glory in war ;
 Undaunted he stood, as the billows that roll'd
 Round the barge that he guided through ocean's
 blue wave,
 His helmet was honour, and fame nerv'd his soul,
 To gather a prize worthy Lawrence the brave.

Columbia's bright genius around him was hov'ring,
 To shield her lov'd son 'mid the carnage below,
 And fate from the impulse of valor recov'ring,
 Seized a javelin of death and directed the blow ;
 Ah ! sad was the hour, when she saw from on high,
 The cross of proud Albion triumphantly wave,
 And bitter the moment she view'd with a sigh,
 On the deck, pale and lifeless, laid Lawrence the
 brave.

Ah ! me, she exclaim'd, has my hero descended,
 From glory's meridian, the summit of fame,
 Shall he, who while dying, his country defended,
 Like his form be forgotten, forgotten his name ?
 Ah ! no, for the tears that his kindred have shed,
 Shall water the laurel that blooms on his grave.—
 She ceas'd—and lamenting the hero who bled,
 Shed the tear drop of sorrow for Lawrence the brave.

ROLL DRUMS MERRILY.

When I was an infant, gossips would say,
 I'd when older
 Be a soldier,
 Rattle's and toys I'd throw 'em away,
 Unless a gun or a sabre,
 When a younker up I grew,
 I saw one day a grand review ;
 Colours flying
 Set me dying,
 To embark in a life so new.
 Roll drums merrily march away,
 Soldier's glory lives in story,
 His laurels are green when his locks are grey,
 Then hey for the life of a soldier.

Listed, to battle I march'd along,
 Courting danger,
 Fear a stranger,
 The cannon beat time to the trumpet's song,
 And made my heart a hero's.
 'Charge,' the gallant leaders cry,
 On like lions then we fly ;
 Blood and thunder
 Foes knock under,
 Then huzza for a victory.
 Roll drums, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp,
 Battle over
 Live in clover,
 Care and his cronies are forced to tramp,
 And all is social pleasure.

Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
 Time goes gaily on the wing,
 Smiles of beauty
 Sweeten duty,
 And each private is a king.
 Roll drums, &c.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me,
 Robin's not near.
 What was't I wish'd to see?
 What wish'd to hear?
 Where's all the joy and mirth
 Made this town a heaven on earth?
 Oh! they're all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there.
 What,—when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.
 But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.

Yet he I loved so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell.
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN.

'Twas autumn, and round me the leaves were descend-
 ing,

And lonely the wood-pecker peck'd on the tree ;
 Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were de-
 fending,

The din of their arms sounded dismal to me ;
 For Sandy, my love, was engag'd in the action ;
 Without him I valued the world not a fraction ;
 His death would have ended my life in distraction,
 As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
 My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore ;
 The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings asunder,
 I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more ;
 But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,
 My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended ;
 My shepherd was safe and my country defended
 By freedom's brave sons on the banks of Champlain.

I wip'd from my eyes the big tear that had started,
 And hastened the news to my parents to bear,
 Who sigh'd for the loss of relations departed,
 And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care,

The cannon's ceas'd roaring, the drums still were beating ;

The foes of our country far north were retreating ;

The neighbouring damsels, each other were greeting

With songs of delight on the banks of Champlain.

Our squadron triumphant, our army victorious,

With laurels unfaded, our Spartan's returned ;

My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious ;

My heart with such rapture before never burn'd ;

But Sandy, my darling, that moment appearing ;

His presence to every countenance cheering,

Was render'd to me more doubly endearing

By the feats he performed on the banks of Champlain.

But should smiling peace, with her blessings and treasures,

Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,

What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasures,

That I shall experience through life with my swain ;

For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,

Nor worse, British foes send their minions to harm us,

But nature and art will continue to charm us,

Whilst happy we live on the banks of Champlain.



HARK, THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing

O'er the waters, soft and clear—

Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,

Now it bursts upon the ear.

Jubelate,—————Amen,
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear ;
 Farther now, &c.
 Soft it fades, &c.

Now like moonlight waves retreating,
 To the shore it dies along ;
 Now like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Hark again, like waves retreating,
 To the shore it dies along ;
 Hark again, &c.
 To the shore, &c.

T. Moore.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airs the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers flow,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air ;

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,
 The lasses busk them braw,
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jennie dings them a' ;
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest of the town ;
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' dress'd in rustic gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dam,
 Mair harmless canna be,
 She has nae faut (if sick we e'at)
 Except her love for me :
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
 Is like her shining e'en ;
 In shape and air wha can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
 Among the leafy trees ;
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees :
 And bring the lassie back to me,
 That's ay sae neat an' clean ;
 Ae blink o' her would banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the nowes,
 Hae pass'd between us twa ;
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa ;
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

I see her in the glassy stream
 That winds along the vale,
 I hear her in sweet echo's voice
 That dies along the gale :
 I'll love her while a vital spark
 Shall shed its latest gleam,
 Gay nature's charms would soon depart
 If 'twere na for my Jean.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
 Wha hangs his head and a' that ?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd, for a' that.
 What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddon grey, and a' that ?

Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
 An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief of men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that ;
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 An honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he manna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His dignities and a' that !
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it shall for a' that ;
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that ;
 Whan man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and a' that.

THE RAISING.

Come muster my lads, your mechanical tools,
 Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules ;
 Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
 And plenty of pins of American pine.

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, and our citizens free.

Come, up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,
 Like the people at large, the're the ground-work of all ;
 Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
 Let no rotten parts in our building be found ;
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 Our government firm, and our citizens free.

Now hand up the girders, lay each in his place,
 Between them the joists must divide all the space ;
 Like assembly-men, these should lie level along,
 Like girders, our senate prove level and strong :
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, over citizens free.

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,
 And drive your pins home to keep all in their places
 Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
 And your pins be all made of American pine :
 For the roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, over citizens free.

Our king-posts are judges—now upright they stand,
 Supporting the braces, the laws of the land ;

The law of the land which divide right from wrong ;
And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong.

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just, for a people that's free.

Lo ! up with the rafters—each frame is a state !
How noble they rise ! their span too how great !
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,

And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend !

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins, and drive your pins through ;
And see that your joints are drawn home, and all true,
The purlins will bind all the rafters together,
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather,
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United as States, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the turret, our glory and pride :
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside ;
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight,
Its pillars and arches, and towering height ;
Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,
A Federal Head, o'er a people still free.

Huzza ! my brave boys, our work is complete,
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat :
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof.

While we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be
Our Government firm, and our Citizens free.

SMILE AGAIN MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Smile again my bonnie lassie, lassie smile again,
 Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie, for it gives me pain;
 If to love thee too sincerely be a fault in me,
 Thus to use me so severely, is not kind in thee.

Then smile again my bonnie lassie, lassie smile again,
 Oh! smile again my bonnie lassie, prithee smile again.

Fare-thee-well my bonnie lassie, lassie fare-thee-well,
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue
 can tell;

Though we're doom'd by fate to sever, and 'tis hard to
 part,

Still believe me, thou shalt ever own my faithful heart.

Then smile again, &c.

OH, LADY FAIR.

First voice.

Oh Lady fair, where art thou roaming?
 The sun has sunk, the night is coming.

Second voice.

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' Fountain.

First voice.

And who is the man with his white locks flowing?
 Oh Lady fair, where is he going?

Third voice.

A wand'ring pilgrim weak I falter,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Trio.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

First voice.

Fair Lady ! rest till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Second voice.

Oh ! stranger when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' Fountain.

First voice.

Thou, Pilgrim, turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Third voice.

Good stranger ! when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Trio.

Strew then, oh strew our bed of rushes,
Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

T. Moore.

IF I DO, MAY I NEVER BE MARRIED.

The kiss that he gave when he left me behind,
Seal'd the promise of Henry's love ;
And when to my sailor I'm false or unkind,
Such falsehood expect from the dove :
For the promise of lovers should ne'er be forgot,
And I promised my lad, tho' behind him I tarr'd
That I ne'er would forsake him, tho' humble his bed
And O, if I do, may I never be married !

Now the winds and the waves bear him over the sea,
 The gay squire would give me fine things ;
 But what are his riches, his grandeur to me,
 His baubles, his ribbons, and rings :
 For the promise of lovers, &c.

His cottage is low, but content dwells within,
 And snug is the thatch o'er the door ;
 For riches, without him, I care not a pin,
 For my sailor's the lad I adore :
 For the promise of lovers, &c.

 ERIN.

Ah, pooh, botheration, dear Ireland's the nation,
 Which all other nations together excels ;
 Where worth, hospitality, conviviality,
 Friendship and open sincerity dwells ;
 Sure I've roam'd the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
 But in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
 I ne'er saw an island on sea or on dry land,
 Like Paddy's own sweet little island of green.

In England your roses make beautiful posies,
 Provoke Scotia's thistle, you meet your reward ;
 But sure for its beauty, an Irishman's duty,
 Will teach him his own native plant to regard.
 Saint Patrick first set it, with tear-drops he wet it,
 And often to cherish and bless it was seen,
 Its virtues are rare too, it's fresh and it's fair too,
 And flowers but in Paddy's own island so green.

A sprig from each stem is a neat valued gem,
 Which the bosoms of Erin's fair daughter's adorn:
 Together united, unsullied, unblighted,
 A blooming and beautiful nosegay it forms:
 Ah, long may they flourish, and heaven's dews nourish
 Each warm kindred soil, where these emblems are
 seen;
 May no fatal blunder e'er rend them asunder,
 But long be they wreath'd in an island so green.
 Oh! long life to old Ireland, its bogs and its mireland!
 There's not such a universe under the sun,
 For honour, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
 For wit and good fellowship, frolic, and fun;
 With wine and with whiskey, when once it gets friskey,
 An Irishman's heart in true colours is seen,
 While with mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing,
 With love for its own native island of green.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
 Wandering to find a temple for his praise,
 Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
 Whilst we ourselves such a structure might raise.
 Thus then combining,
 Hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.
 Here every generous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy,
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humour our hours employ,
 Thus then &c.

DAINTY DAVIE

The lasses fain wad hae from me,
 A sang to keep them a' in glee,
 But ne'er a ane I hae to gie,
 Bnt only Dainty Davie,
 I learn'd it early in my youth,
 When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth,
 Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,
 Our sang was Dainty Davie,
 O Dainty Davie is the thing,
 I never kent a canty spring,
 That e'er deserv'd the Highland fling,
 Sae weel as Dainty Davie.

When friends and fouk at bridals meet,
 Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weet,
 The story canna be complete
 Without they've Dainty Davie.
 Sae ladies, tune your spinnets weel,
 An' lift it up wi' a' your skill,
 There's nac strathspey, nor Highland reel
 Comes up to Dainty Davie.
 O Dainty Davie, &c.

Though bardies a', in former times,
 Hae stain'd my sang wae-worth their rhymes !
 They had but little mense, wi' crimes,
 To blast my dainty Davie.
 The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
 When labour tak's the play a while,
 The lamp gaes out for want o' oil ;
 And sae it far'd wi' Davie.
 O Dainty Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
 While ilka note is ay sae sweet,
 That auld and young get to their feet,
 When they hear Dainty Davie.
 Until the latest hour of time,
 When music a' her pow'rs shall tire,
 Each hill, and dale, and grove shall ring
 Wi' bonny Dainty Davie.
 O Dainty Davie, &c.

 EVA DELISH.

The sun was set, the sea was calm,
 The evening breeze had died away,
 The falling dew was fraught with balm,
 And nature hush'd in slumber lay ;
 'Twas then I left the heath clad lull,
 And hasten'd towards the spreading tree,
 To meet beside the winding rill,
 My Eva delish gramachree.

That night of bliss too swiftly flew,
 While vows of endless love we swore,
 Ah ! what avail'd our love so true,
 When doom'd by fate to meet no more ?
 A fever o'er her limbs had spread,
 Which tore her soon from love and me,
 And cold and lowly is the bed,
 Where rest my delish gramachree.

Tho' years are past, my heart o'erflows,
 Nor yet has ceas'd with grief to swell,

Nor peace nor ease my bosom knows,
 Save on the mournful theme to dwell ;
 And oft when evening's dying gale,
 Light brushes o'er the silv'ring sea,
 In anguish o'er her grave I wail,
 My Eva delish gramachree !

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a',
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blow !
 In sorrow may ye ne'er part !
 My spirit lives but strength is gone ;
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain,
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in our deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir our gallant clan
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
 Wha show'd himself a better man,
 Or fiercer wav'd the red elaymore ?
 But when in peace then mark me there,
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
 I gave him of our hardy fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young man hear,
 Be eanty, but be good and leal,
 Your ain ill aye ha'e heart to bear,
 Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel.

So here I set I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
 My parting breath shall breathe you mine,
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a'!

LUMPS O' PUDDING.

Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
 Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.

I wyles aw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
 But man is a sodger, and life is a fraught;
 My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble should that be my fa',
 A night o' good fellowship southers it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.

Blind chance let her snapper and stoyle on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
 Come ease, come travail, come pleasure or pain;
 My warst word is, Welcome, and welcome again!

FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

Farewel to Lochaber, and farewel my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I ha'e mony days been;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are for my dear,
 And na' for the dangers attending on wier ;
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd :
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave :
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jean, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favor I'd better not be—
 I gae then, my lass, to win glory and fame ;
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

MA VOURNEEN DEELISH.

Ah ! sweet were the moments when love vows repeat-
 ing,
 Here kneeling my hero first plighted his truth ;

Ah! blest were the transports, when heart to heart
beating,

I first own'd by conq'ror the pride of our youth,
Adoring, imploring, his passion revealing,
Soft blisses and kisses from me fondly stealing,
No thought of his soul from his true love concealing,
Ma vourneen Deelish Lion Oge!

But sad was the day, when stern duty compelling,
My lover departed to meet the proud foe;
Yet blissful the hour if victorious repelling,
To chase from my slumbers the visions of woe.
Return then my hero, no longer thus grieve me,
Sweet solace of life, dear hope never leave me;
Sweet presage of bliss! oh don't, don't deceive me,
Ma Vourneen Deelish Lion Oge!

HERE THEN WE PART FOR EVER.

Here then we part for ever—

Dear though thou once might be,

I would not now endeavour

To win one sigh from thee.

Few eyes may shine so bright as thine,

Few brows may be so fair,

But nor eye nor brow can move me now,

For truth is wanting there.

Here then we part for ever—

Dear though thou once might be

I would not now endeavour

To win one sigh from thee.

The rose when it is plighted,
 Lies withering from that hour,
 And the fond heart when slighted,
 Will wither like the flow'r.
 No after sun that beams upon
 That rose, can bloom impart;
 No after love can e'er remove
 The canker from that heart.
 Here then we part, &c.

Sweeny.

COMPLAINT.

That I have loved thee long and well,
 My heart cannot refuse to tell—
 That thou hast all unworthy proved
 Of her who fondly, truly loved,
 I cannot choose but feel and know,
 And yet I pray it were not so.

Thou hadst been worthy well of me—
 O! had I then been worthy thee!
 If thou hadst used thy better part,
 Thy lofty soul and generous heart;
 And not by guilty passions driven,
 Been forced from me, and hope, and heaven.

O! I did love thy manly form,
 Thy kindling eye, thy bosom warm,
 Thy mighty purpose, upward turn'd,
 Thy soul, that all with glory burn'd,
 Thy noble beauty, worthy one,
 His noble father's darling son.

But now I love, and yet must hate
 The leman's tool, the villain's mate,
 Thy beauty seared, thy spirit gone,
 Thy generous bosom turned to stone.
 O! hard, such torturing grief to prove;
 I would but hate, and yet must love. *Percival.*

THE BROWN BEAUTY.

While flushing o'er thy olive check,
 Like the morning's dubious break,
 Virgin shame delights to spread
 Her roses of a deeper red;
 And those ruddy lips of thine
 Emulate the bleeding vine;
 'Think'st thou Celia's languid white
 Can allure my roving sight,
 Or my bosom catch a glow
 From that chilling form of snow?
 In those orbs, O nymph divine!
 Stars may well be said to shine,
 Stars whose pointed rays are made
 More brilliant by surrounding shade;
 Shade thy raven locks supply
 To relieve my dazzled eye.
 Trust me, thy transcendant face
 Takes from its brown a mellow grace;
 A ripe autumnal bloom benign
 Whence all the loves exulting shine;
 As jet emits a glossy light
 From its own polish'd surface bright. *Dermody.*

FAREWELL.

Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us,
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love,
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love,
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas!— We've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chas'd it all away, dear love,
And chas'd it all away!

Yet e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love,
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell—our hope was born in fears
And nurs'd mid vain regrets ;
Like winter suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love,
Like them in tears it sets.

THE SPIRIT'S SPOTLESS PURITY.

And they may say thy long dark hair,
Clustering in shadowy flow,
Is like the raven's plumage there,
Veiling the moonlight brow !
The roseate flush that dyes thy cheek,
All bright with beauty's glow,
Is like the radiant crimson streak
Of sunset o'er the snow !
There is a charm more bright for me—
Thy soul of sensibility.

And they may say thy soft blue eye,
When rais'd its living shroud,
Outshines the diamond gem on high,
That lights yon azure cloud !
Thy lips, as plants of coral red,
In bloom where pearl-drops shine !
Thy breath, like heavenly incense shed
From virtue's holiest shrine !
There is a charm more rich to me—
Thy heart's long proved sincerity.

And they may say thy light step, where
They wake the graceful dance,
Is like a seraph's motion there,
Or wild bird's swift-wing'd glance.
And lingering yet thy form of love
Is like a dream of heaven !

Thy voice, like music breath'd above,
 Among the clouds of even !
 There is a charm more dear to me—
 Thy spirit's spotless purity.

HAL BRAZEN.

Here full of scars lies poor Hal Brazen,
 For whom the corps has grieved ;
 He'll ne'er stand sentry, for this reason,
 By death he's now relieved.
 Five feet six inches he was counted,
 And brave withal, 'twas said ;
 The guard by him's no longer mounted,
 He halts in honor's bed.

Hal never from his corps deserted,
 He'd face a ball or sword ;
 His regiment he oft diverted,
 And Poll, his wife, ador'd.
 How oft would he against the foe march,
 Pursuing all that fled.
 Farewell his quick step, and his slow march,
 He halts in honor's bed.

Yet Hal above shall be promoted,
 When his commander great,
 Shall call the brave, the good, the noted,
 And give his orders straight ;
 To handle arms—the word is given,
 And trumpets call the dead :
 Hal, to be billeted in Heaven,
 Shall wake from honor's bed.

THE NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE.

The fortune I crave, and sigh for no more,
 Is health and contentment, apparel and food,
 The smile of affection from one I adore,
 And the neat little cottage that stands near a wood.

While slaves of ambition sell comfort for fame,
 Be mine the applause of the wise and the good,
 A conscience that daily acquits me of blame,
 And a neat little cottage that stands near a wood.

Let others for grandeur and opulence toil,
 I'd share not their turbulent joys if I could ;
 The treasure I seek is affection's sweet smile,
 And a neat little cottage that stands near a wood.

O MY BONNY BET.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair
 Who shines in artificial beauty ;
 For native charms, without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom !
 Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where these beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple,
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common ;
 Ye gods ! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman !
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, thy rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing ;
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.
O'Keeffe.

DICKY GOSSIP.

When I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;
 I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
 Then tailor, good lord ! then an apothecary.
 But for this trade, or that ;
 They all come as pat as they can ;
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip is the man.

Though tailor and dentist but awkwardly tether,
 In both the vocations I still have shavings ;
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,
 For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings,
 So for this trade or that, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
 I fancy occur to some who are prouder ;

I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.

But no matter for that, &c.

Prince Hoare.

O WHEN MY FARM IS TAKEN.

O when my farm is taken,
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump !
Then I'll marry a dairy maid, jolly and plump,
But she shan't be as fat as my bacon.
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin :
While I, by guzzling home-brew'd ale,
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.

I'll have hogs, dogs, cows, sows,
Turkies, ducks, and barley-mows,
Harrows, ganders, bulls, ploughs,
And I'll dazzle the country gabies ;
I'll get a bull, I'll get a cart,
I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart,
And I'll get a dozen babies.

Then I'll pet my dogs,
I'll fat my hogs,
I'll milk my cows,
I'll salt my sows,
I'll run my rigs,
I'll stick my pigs,
I'll roast my lambs,
I'll mend my dams,

I'll whet my knife,
I'll kill my sheep,
I'll kiss my wife,
And go to sleep,
All when my farm is taken.

I'll drink just double on Saturday night,
Sitting up with my spouse till candle light,
For I need not rise early on Sunday ;
Then I'll prate to my love of clover and barns,
While the dear little children's stockings she darns,
That must go to the wash on Monday.
On Sunday to church, beef and pudding at one,
And the evening to spend,
I'll get drunk with a friend,
Reel to bed, and on Monday be up with the sun.
But on Monday my bed forsaking,
O how my poor nob will be aching !
With my eyes stiff and red,
Sunk deep in my head,
I shall look as old as Methusalem ;
Whilst the curst noises round me
Will so confound me,
I shall wish the farm yard at Jerusalem.
For there the pigs will be squeaking,
The waggon wheels be creaking,
Ducks quacking,
Cart-whips cracking,
Turkies gobbling,
Carters squabbling,

Rooks cawing,
 Plough boys jawing,
 Horses neighing,
 Donkies braying,
 Cocks crowing,
 Oxen lowing,
 Dogs bark,
 Noah's ark,
 All when my farm is taken.

Coleman, Jr.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale
 Our gallant ship up Channel-steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 " By the deep—nine !"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour, fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the mark—seven !"

And as the much-lov'd shore drew near,
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof ;

The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 “Quarter less—five!

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
 We shorten sail, she feels the tide,
 “Stand clear the cable!” is the cry,
 The anchor’s gone; we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and though the night
 We hear the seaman, with delight,
 Proclaim, “All’s well!”

Pearce.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest the life a sailor leads
 From clime to clime still ranging;
 For as the calm the storm succeeds,
 The scene delights by changing.
 Though tempests howl along the main,
 Some object will remind us,
 And cheer with hope to meet again
 The friends we left behind us.

When under full sail we laugh at the gale,
 And the landsmen look pale, never heed them;
 But toss off a glass to some favourite lass,
 To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arriv’d in sight of land,
 Or safe in port rejoicing,
 Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
 Whilst out the boat is hoisting;

With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
 Our friends delighted greet us,
 And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
 The pretty lasses meet us.

When the full flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
 To foot it we merrily lead them ;
 And each bonny lass will drink off her glass,
 To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
 And gladly we receive it ;
 And when we meet a brother tar
 That wants, we freely give it ;
 No freeborn sailor yet had store,
 But cheerfully would lend it :
 And when its gone—to sea for more,
 We earn it but to spend it.

Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys
 To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed them,
 'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,
 In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
 O! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
 Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
 'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Cleary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain ;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CAPTAIN MEGAN.

O the face of brave Captain Megan
 Was as broad as a big frying-pan ;
 Just over his snout
 One eye was snuff'd out,
 But the other burnt bright upon Nan, sweet Nan !
 Oh ! it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

I'm no beauty, sigh'd Captain Megan,
 But 'tis manners alone make the man,
 And though my long nose
 Should hang over my toes,
 Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?—sweet Nan!
 Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan ;
 Her skin was the colour of tan ;
 But the Captain, she saw,
 Had a *je ne sçai quoi* :
 So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan !
 Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan !

DENNIS BULGRUDDERY.

I was born one day when my mother was out
 In her reckoning—2n accident brought it about ;
 'Bout family quarrels and such sort of fun,
 I have heard of forefathers, but I'd only one.

Derry down, &c.

Our cabin was full, though not very big,
 Of turnips, potatoes, a dog, cow, and pig ;
 Our dog's name was Dennis, our cow's Paddy Whack,
 'Till christen'd I had not a name to my back.

Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd my poor mother saw
 On my face our dog Dennis had just laid his paw ;
 What's his name, says the clergy, "down Dennis," says
 she,

So Dennis Bulgruddery, he cristen'd me.

Derry down, &c.

I grew up and got married, but was left in the lurch ;
 For my wife died before I could get her to church ;
 With the first wife too late, with the second too soon ;
 For she brought me a son in the first honey moon,

Derry down, &c.

This business being over, I'd not make a fuss ;
 It's three months you know since the priest married us ;
 Ay, that's right reckoning, says she, and it's three more
 by mine,

And three by my own, which together make nine.

Derry down, &c.

She died, with what joy I a handkerchief bought,
 A bran new one, to cry at her grave as I ought ;
 But coming home in the evening with eyes red as beef,
 I pull'd out the onion and supp'd on my grief.

Derry down, &c.

Having reap'd all the comforts a single life yields,
 I turn'd reaper and cut down huge number of fields ;
 From reaping of wheat I turn'd doctor, and then,
 By the powers, I cut off huge numbers of men.

Derry down, &c.

I cut off an exciseman whose widow, good lack,
 Though she had a thousand times call'd me a quack,
 P've married, and I believe you guess now,
 It's the beautiful lady that keeps the red cow,

Derry down, &c.

SENSIBILITY.

The purse-proud slave, with pompous soul
 May golden gifts impart,
 And win the eye, without control,
 But never touch the heart.

Tis gold attracts the insect mind,
 Enslaves the iron school ;
 Tis gold that leads the passions blind,
 And deifies a fool !

But wealth could never yet control
 A heart to feeling free,
 Nor charm the pure expanded soul,
 Like Sensibility!

A simple flow'r may oft disclose
 More friendship, warm and true,
 Than all the wealth the ocean knows,
 Or mines of rich Peru.

H. G. Lewis.

REST, WEARY TRAVELLER.

Rest, weary traveller! rest thee to day,
 Where the cottager's welcome invites thee to stay;
 And what to the heart is more grateful and dear
 Than the welcome that waits on the cottager's fare?
 Rest, weary traveller!

And bright is the smile Hospitality wears,
 As the stranger at evening arrives at the door;
 And sweet is the accent that Cheerfulness bears,
 And bids him then enter and wander no more!
 Rest, weary traveller!

Arnold.

HUNTERS HORN.

The morn unbars the gates of light,
 The landscape smiles in beauty bright;
 The soaring lark now swells his notes,
 And, on the wings of silence, floats:
 Hark! hark! hark!

The huntsman winds his horn,
 The woods around with echoes fill,
 Each huntsman mounts his panting steed,
 And o'er the trembling earth they speed ;

The welkin resounds
 With horns and with hounds,
 The welkin resounds,
 With horns and with hounds ;
 Tantarro ! tantarro ! tantarro !
 The welkin resounds
 With horns and with hounds,
 Tantarro ! tantarro ! tantarro !
 Tantarro ! tantarro ! tantarro !

The stag pursues his eager flight,
 The hunters keep their prey in sight ;
 The staunch old pack, with wonderous speed,
 Rush forward o'er each plain and mead ;
 Hark ! hark ! hark !

The huntsman's horn so shrill ;
 The stag's at bay, his fate's forlorn,
 The trickling tear steal from his eyes,
 And lost in grief the antler dies !
 The welkin resounds, &c.

OH ! TWINE A WREATH OF EVERGREEN.

Oh ! twine a wreath of evergreen
 And with it deck the brow
 Of him who, 'mid life's varied scene,
 Ne'er breaks his plighted vow :

Of him who, forced by honour's call,
 In climes afar to roam,
 Whose anxious thoughts will ever turn
 To her he leaves at home.

How few, 'mid pleasure's dazzling scenes,
 Reflect on kindness past !
 How few, who wealth and power obtain,
 Are faithful to the last.

Too oft in youth's gay sunny days
 Men play the tyrant's part,
 They first ensnare, and then, alas !
 Deceive the guileless heart.

TELL, PRETTY COUSIN, TELL ME TRUE.

Ruben. Tell, pretty cousin, tell me true,
 Doth Ruben read with scholars art ?
 'Through woman's eye can he review
 Secrets that dwell within her heart ?
 Tell, cousin, tell !

Mirian. Fie, roguish kinsman, fie on thee !
 To rudely mock a maiden's pain ;
 If blushes on this cheek you see,
 'Tis modesty that starts the stain.

Both. Fie, kinsman, fie !

Yet, ah, did love's commission'd flame,
 Two faithful hearts inspire,
 Not virtue's rigid self might shame
 To boast so pure a fire.

As lucid gems, in earth deep laid,
Flash light on caverns round;
So darker passions lose their shade
In hearts where love is found.

TARS OF COLUMBIA.

Ye sons of Columbia, the trumpet of Fame,
'Thro' the world your brave actions shall loudly pro-
claim;

See Liberty's Genius triumphant arise,
Recording your deeds as she mounts to the skies;
Whilst at the hostile shore,
Where thund'ring cannons roar,
The note of each brave tar, each brave tar shall be,
No tribute—but glory—we'll die or be free.

Ye brave sons of Freedom, who fell in the cause,
Supporting your rights, independence and laws;
If the actions of heroes in hist'ry are grac'd,
First shall Summers, Decatur and Wadsworth be
plac'd.

Whilst &c.

See Preble exalted, a monument stand,
Surrounded by heroes, who under his command,
On Tripoli's tyrants their vengeance have hurl'd,
And thy deeds, O Columbia, resound thro' the world.

Whilst &c.

May Washington's Genius our country defend,
And that Charter maintain which Freedom has penn'd;
And should Tyranny dare our rights to invade,
By our tars shall the daring attempt be repaid.

Whilst &c.

REST, WARRIOR REST.

He comes from the wars—from the red field of fight !
 He comes through the storm and the darkness of night,
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale—pale is his cheek—there's a gash on his brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye
 Like a languishing lamp—that just flashes—to die !
 Rest—warrior, rest !

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head—
 Perchance he may dream—but the vision shall tell
 Of his lady love's bower and her latest farewell !
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms—
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his arms,
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her
 kiss—
 Nay ! warrior, wake not—such slumber is bliss !
 Rest—warrior, rest !

DERMOT'S TRIP.

'Twas business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,
 I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick,
 But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
 The spalpeen ! he wanted to play me a trick.

Says he, Paddy, go down stairs and fetch me some
beer now!

Says I, by my shoul you're monstratiously kind,
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer now
When I come up and see myself all left behind.
With my fal de ral, &c. and sing palliluh, whilliluh,
whilliluh, palliluh, whack botheration, and langolee.

A storm met the ship, and did rock and so dodge her,
Says the Captain we'll sink or be all east away;
Thinks I ne'er mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
And my life is insured, so the office must pay:
But a teaf who was sea-sick kickt up such a riot,
Tho' I lay quite speachless like t'other poor elf,
I could not help bawling you spalpeen be quiet!
Do you think that there's nobody dead but yourself!
With your fal de ral, &c.

Well, we got safe on shore, every son of his mother,
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy Maegee,
Och, Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?
Says I I've a mighty great notion it's me:
Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey,
But to bull-making, Irishman ever bear blame;
Says he, my good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hibernia,
They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the same.
With my fal de ral, &c.

But from all sorts of cuckoldom heaven preserve us!
For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man & wife!
And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service,
Is sure of a pension the rest of his life:

Then who in defence of a pair of such hearties,
 'Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run away ?
 'Then a fig for our foes, and the damn'd tory parties !
 Our rights and the Union shall carry the day.
 With our fal de ral, &c.

GLEE.

Sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! sleep, my sweet fellow,
 O'er thy rock'd vessel, when thunderbolts roll ;
 Wild though the ocean rave, loud though winds bellow,
 Calm be thy bosom, for pure is thy soul.
 Hushaby, hushaby, poor sailor-boy !
 Let not the tempest thy slumber destroy ;
 Nor terrors of conscience thy bosom annoy ;
 Then hushaby, hushaby, poor sailor-boy.

Shepherd-boy, shepherd-boy ! while your sheep
 ing, †
as
 If thou art pure as the lambs that you fold,
 Heed not the snow-storm, for angels descending,
 Shall spread their white pinions to guard thee from
 cold.

Then hushaby ! hushaby ! poor shepherd-boy ! &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Here's a health to all true lasses,
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
 Let the bumper toast go round.
 May they live a life of pleasure
 Without mixture, without measure,
 For with them true joys are found.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row,
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 'That, to treat a little water-nymph that took my heart
 in tow,
 I run myself in debt a bit, and then I ran away:
 Singing, ri tol, fol de rol, de yeo ho.

Board a man of war I entered next, and learn'd to
 quaff good flip,
 And far from home we scudded on so gay ;
 I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and
 ship,
 That, run what will, why damme, if I ever run
 away :
 Singing, ri tol, &c.

On board the *Philadelphia* I sail'd the world around,
 But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en ;
 So, when the Turkish jailer to my dungeon show'd a
 light,
 I blinded both his peepers, and ran away again.
 Singing, ri tol, &c.

I've ran many risks in life, on ocean, and on shore,
 But always, like a tar, got the day ;
 And fighting in Columbia's cause, will run as many
 more :
 But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never run
 away.
 Singing, ri tol, fol de rol, yeo ho.

SCOTTISH WARRIOR SONG.

Oh lassie dear, I maun awa'
 The bugles to the battle ca'
 And I must mingle wi' the fray,
 Altho' it is our bridal day.
 But fear not lassie ! dinna fear,
 Wrang not our bridal wi' a tear,
 Nor damp my spirits wi' despair,
 We soon shall meet to part nae mair.

For if we win the victory,
 I'll share my laurels here with thee ;
 An' if thy Donald should be slain,
 He'll meet the love in heaven again !
 Then fear not lassie ; &c.

Burns.

ISLE OF ST. HELENA.

Fona's awa' fra' his wars and his fighting,
 And he's gone to the place that he ne'er took delight in ;
 He may sit down and tell of the scenes he has seen a',
 And forlorn he may mourn on the isle of St. Helena.

No more at St. Cloud's he'll appear in mild splendour,
 Nor go forth with his crowds like th' great Alexander,
 He may sigh to the moon by the great mount Diana,
 With his eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

Lousia she weeps for her husband departed,
 She dreams while asleep, and awakes broken hearted ;
 Not a friend to condole nor one that bewails her,
 She mourns when she thinks on the Isle of St. Helena.

All you of great wealth, beware of ambition,
 Some decree of fate may soon change your condition—
 Be ye stedfast in time, for what's comin' ye ken na',
 Your days may perhaps end on the Isle of St. Helena.

'SQUIRE AND HODGE.

As 'cross the field, the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
 The 'squire with his dog and gun,
 By chance came by that way.
 Whither so fast, sweet maid? he cry'd,
 And caught me round the waist:
 Pray stop awhile—Dear Sir, said I,
 I can't for I'm in hast.

You must not go as yet, cried he,
 For I have much to say;
 Come, sit you down, and let us chat
 Upon this new mown-hay.—
 I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
 Those ruby lips to taste;
 I'll have a kiss—Well, then said I,
 Be quick, for I'm in hast.

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
 Come through a neighb'ring gate:
 He caught my hand, and cry'd dear girl,
 I fear I've made you wait;
 But here's the ring, come let's to church,
 The joys of love to taste—
 I left the 'squire, and, laughing, cry'd,
 You see, Sir, I'm in haste.

I'D RATHER BE EXCUSED.

Returning from the fair one eve,
 Across yon verdant plain,
 Young Harry said he'd see me home—
 A tight and comely swain :
 He begg'd I would a fairing take,
 And would not be refus'd ;
 Then ask'd a kiss—I blus'd, and cry'd,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid ;
 I mean no harm, I swear !
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd
 For you my charming fair :
 But, if my tenderness offend,
 And if my love's refus'd,
 I'll leave you—What, alone ? cried I ;
 I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd ;
 He warmly urg'd his suit :
 But still, to all he said, I was
 Most obstinately mute.
 At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
 My fondness is abus'd ;
 Then die a maid—indeed, said I,
 I'd rather be excus'd

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